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THE WOMAN WHO WRECKED THE WORLD

The Tragic Romance of Sophie Chotek

By H. De WISSEN

PEERING at history, one sees through the red mists of war the faces of women—delicate faces framed in castle windows, or heavier featured maids in peasant skirts warming old taverns with coarser beauty. A smile or a slight, an ambition or a whim, whispered searing words from some cozened charmer, and then, rumbling as summer thunder, the great catastrophe—war. Charming women, their dainty hands have ever unleashed the passions of combat, from Helen of Troy down through time to the Little Lady of Bohemia. Was not Venus enamored of Mars?

The French, they know these things to be true, they are very old and they are very wise, so they say, "*Cherchez la femme.*" From the English there came to us the thought, "The Woman in the Case." But in the sterner lands of Central Europe such things could not be; for there, men ruled and women were but *hausfrauen.* So they thought. . . .

But the hand that rocks a cradle can also rock a throne. And through the assassin's smoke of Sarajevo, on that awful summer day five years ago when first leapt the flames of war, one discerns the face of a dainty, petite, high-cheeked woman with rounded chin and fragile nose, intangibly attractive, yet

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not unlike many of the women of Bohemia. She possessed wondrous eyes, demure, yet deep, vague yet welling with ambition, a vast ambition that was to bring her and the man she loved to Sarajevo—to their doom—and the world to war.

You have never heard of the Little Lady of Bohemia, Sophie Chotek? . . .

She, an obscure little countess of Bohemia, daughter of an impoverished household, a mere lady-in-waiting at the court of Vienna, won the heart of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. And, in her persuasive way, she awakened in him a desire to do justice to those dragooned peoples of Hapsburg domains, conspicuous among them the Czechs of Bohemia, the land she loved. So did the oppressors at Vienna come to fear the ascension of her husband to the throne. So came it that they struck him down, and she with him. So from that assassination war burst over Europe.

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NOT far from the Imperial Palace in Vienna can be seen a distant house that crests green terraces and shows through the trees in a shimmer of white. It stands solitary, aloof; its back to the pretty countryside, its face to the dawn —and to the Emperor. In that white house lived Isabella, Archduchess of Austria, favored of Franz Joseph, the solemn mentor of his court. It was an austere house, one in which a royal chaperone should dwell.

In the train of the great Isabella was an ambitious woman, small and prettily made. Her face was round and delicately colored; her eyes, large and blue, could be at times as innocent as a baby's—a gift she did not despise. But it was her hair that had attracted the majestic Isabella; and made others glance more than passingly at the obscure little lady-in-waiting. Blue-black, she wore it coiled and braided, an aureole of swarthy bands, a tiara of sable, glossy, abundant and fragrant. The ambitious little woman was Sophie Chotek.

Not strikingly beautiful, but possessing that magnetism so superior to mere regularity of features, she was admired regretfully by visitors to the white house of Isabella. In

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Vienna the law of caste was then the highest law in the land and the dainty Sophie had not been bred to the purple. Impoverished and of low title, merely a Bohemian countess, her rôle in the establishment of Isabella was only a little more elevated than that of a servant. Men called her the "Little Lady of Bohemia," and sought to make love to her, always to the vast indignation of the royal chaperone, Isabella. Nor would Sophie have any of them. There was another.

One morning, a slim figure of a girl, dressed all in white, her abundant hair uncoiled and tumbling about her shoulders. She opened one of the tall windows that faced the garden and after cautiously glancing about waved a tiny handkerchief. Excitedly it fluttered in her hand until, in answer, there came through the trees a voice she knew, softened in song. He sang a Viennese love-song as he came down the path, a thousand patches of gold running over him as he walked—the sunshine draining through the trees. A thousand happy voices stirred about him—the voice of the Little Lady of Bohemia in greeting.

The man was Franz Ferdinand, whom the world then expected would some day be Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary. He believed that the little Sophie would some day sit at his side in the throne room of Vienna. Fate wrote it otherwise. They would love and be wed? Yes. They would rule? No. For there were men and women in high places in Vienna, Budapest and Berlin who plotted.

Toward noon on the day that Franz Ferdinand had clandestinely met the Little Lady of Bohemia below her window, the mighty Isabella took the air in her garden. As she proceeded majestically along the walk something metallic crunched against her slipper. It was a gold chain and locket, She picked it up, and, recognizing it instantly, fingered it thoughtfully.

"Yes," she mused, "it belongs to Franz Ferdinand. What could he have been doing here—in my garden?"

Isabella frowned, the way a chaperone should. Her suspicions were aroused; she regarded the locket that hung from the chain. Isabella was but an Archduchess, but she pos-

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sessed feminine curiosity which knows no rank. She snapped the locket open and regarded the image she saw there, with startled eyes. Gathering up her skirts quite gingerly, she proceeded back to the house.

A few moments, and Sophie Chotek ceased to be lady-in-waiting to the Imperial chaperone. Nor was she allowed time to pack her belongings; for in the eyes of Isabella she had committed grievous sins—risen out of her class, blinded the heir to the Austrian throne, and made of Isabella's very proper abode a trivial trysting place for ladies-in-waiting. Weren't there enough actresses in Vienna making trouble for the Hapsburgs without a little countess increasing the holy Emperor's worries? Pandora's box contained harmless mysteries compared to what the locket held—it was Sophie Chotek's picture that had smiled out at the enraged Isabella.

Franz Ferdinand went into a royal rage when he heard that the Countess Sophie had been dismissed, but he was powerless. He knew that she came from an old but obscure Bohemian family, the house of Chotek, Chotkowa and Wognin. They owned a little debt-ridden castle in Bohemia and there Countess Sophie took refuge from the wrath of Isabella, the Imperial chaperone. Five years passed, Sophie remained in seclusion in Bohemia, and, whenever he could escape from his duties in Vienna, Franz Ferdinand went north to his castle in Bohemia and met her clandestinely.

From her home of seclusion, Sophie finally went one day to the Bohemian castle of Franz Ferdinand at Konopischt. There came, the same day, to his home in the forests, his half-sister, the Archduchess Marie Annunciata, Abbess of the Hradraschin, and her mother, the Archduchess Marie Therese. Franz Ferdinand had taken them into his confidence. He had told them that he and the Countess Sophie were to be married and had pledged them to secrecy. They were the only witnesses of the ceremony and they kept their pledge. Franz Ferdinand was called back to his duties in Vienna and Sophie remained at the Castle of Konopischt, a lonely place in the Bohemian forests where the old Emperor never visited. Her oldest child, Sophie, was born to her

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there; and still the Emperor never knew. Years passed, Sophie lived in the castle, and Franz Ferdinand remarked more frequently that he was going up to Bohemia for a rest.

It was during those days that she remained in seclusion at Konopischt that the Little Lady of Bohemia played at being Queen, poising an imaginary royal train, fancying the weight of a crown on her pretty brow. She transported her future to the palace at Vienna. To her life became a nursery play-room, her ambitions toys. She played with fancied policies. She realized that when her marriage became known a storm would break, but she was confident of the love of her husband. "I will renounce my throne rather than sanction a dissolution of our marriage," he had told her.

During those days when she was alone in the castle in Bohemia, Sophie reflected that the Austrian law would not allow one of her rank to ascend the throne; nor could children born of her union be in the line of succession. Another woman might have surrendered, but Sophie determined to change the inevitable.

There burned in her that fierce patriotism common to the suppressed little nationality of Central Europe. Through her girlhood in the little poverty-stricken castle of the Choteks she had heard of the wrongs done the Bohemians. She knew that they were numerically a power. Once Bohemia was placed upon the same political footing in the empire as Hungary they would be a decided political power. She thought if she could induce Franz Ferdinand, when he came to the throne, to revive the old kingdom of Bohemia, and, in the south, to form a "Triune" kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, this would make him extremely popular with the Slavish elements in the monarchy. It would strengthen her position, and that of their heir, whom she was determined to put upon the throne. And she knew that, secure in her husband's love, she could appeal to his sense of justice to grant these little people the political advancement which was their due. She knew that in Vienna her husband was often likened to a reliable horse, "Warranted without vice, will stand unhitched, can be driven by a lady."

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She knew also, what Vienna did not know, that she was the lady to do the driving. Yet, she was not a schemer who had married him, merely to make him the instrument for her ambitions. A clever, far-seeing woman, she was looking into the future and she knew that unless justice were done the small peoples, that upon the death of the old Emperor, "the crazy-quilt Empire" would be torn apart and thrown into the ragbag of European powers. And in the castle of Konopischt she dreamed and bided her time.

There came a day when she was only half happy; it was not in her heart to be unhappy. Her Franz Ferdinand was sent to the tropics. He was gone on Imperial business, many, many months; indeed so long was he away that Sophie began to grow uneasy. Had the old Emperor learned of their love? What if something had happened to Franz Ferdinand? She felt that only disaster could keep her from him. She was confident of that. Then from over the seas came letters, wonderful letters, the thoughts in them softened by the tropics where he worked. And he followed the letters home.

He went first to his distant home at Konopischt, to Sophie and his baby girl; then to his official home, the palace of the Emperor. Franz Ferdinand had worked strenuously on his foreign mission, and so delighted was old Franz Joseph that he named him Inspector General of the Army and hailed him as the heir to the throne. Of course, Franz Ferdinand's father, the swollen spider, Karl Ludwig, "Blue Beard of the Hapsburgs," was first heir. The spider though had not long to live, nor did the old Emperor wish him to live. Franz Ferdinand was his choice. The young man was high in favor. He had been in Vienna but a few days when the Emperor made known a wish. He wanted Franz Ferdinand to marry. He wanted to see an Emperor and Empress in embryo ready to ascend his throne. Old Franz Joseph knew the Hapsburg blood. He wanted Franz Ferdinand out of trouble, happily, "safely" married.

Meanwhile, Sophie remained in the forest castle of her husband. Even the little Bohemian village nearby had heard the rumors drifting up from Vienna. "The Crown Prince

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has returned from the tropics," it was said; "the old Emperor is forcing wives upon him."

A less clever woman would have gone straight to Vienna and shrilled in the aged ear of the Emperor that Franz Ferdinand was already married and she was his wife, the mother of his children—for other children had been born in the castle at Konopischt. But Sophie had more sense than that. She had sense enough to grasp fully the fact that her husband was overwhelmingly in love with her and the old Emperor could arrange for him to meet twenty princesses and that her big Crown Prince would be polite, and nothing more, to them all. She knew that all the emperors in Europe would never make Franz Ferdinand give her up. So when she heard the rumors, she merely smiled.

Meanwhile, the old Emperor had driven Franz Ferdinand into a corner, so the young man hurled a bomb. When it burst there came out of the smoke the fact that he already had a wife, a charming, brainy woman, and that he was very happy. But in the eyes of the Emperor, Sophie was merely a low-born Countess of Bohemia, a former lady-in-waiting, a morganatic, unknown wife, moreover of despised Czech blood. They were joined fast by the Church, and she was the mother of a boy; but the old Emperor smiled. Such things had been arranged before, indeed, very often in the house of Hapsburg. Why not again?

"I will settle a great sum of money on her," he told Franz Ferdinand. "I will make a great donation to the Church. It will be discovered that you were never properly married," but Franz Ferdinand shook his head. "She is my wife. She will come to the throne with me."

Morosely the old Emperor shook his head. He sighed as he yielded to the inevitable. "You, too, Ferdinand. I thought you were different; strong. I thought that some day you would be an Emperor with a will of iron. But you are like the rest of us—a woman's face."

Melancholy days dawned for the Emperor, but he would not admit defeat. He called for his counsellors and had them refresh his mind on the statutes. He saw that the law of the

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Austrian Empire forbade any but a princess of royal blood to come to the rank of empress. He smiled grimly as he read this safeguard against the children of any woman, trapping royalty, from ascending the throne. He laughed as he thought of Franz Ferdinand with a wife who could never reign in Austria; with a child who could never come to the Imperial throne. But he scowled as he reflected that curiously enough this same law did not apply in Hungary and in the other dominions of the Dual Monarchy. In these then, this obscure Countess could in time become Queen and her son, in time, King. Perhaps it were better to placate Sophie Chotek. Two days later the old Emperor changed Countess Sophie into the Princess of Hohenberg, and gave to her the title of Serene Highness. This would make her forget her ambitions for the Bohemians, so he thought.

Franz Ferdinand was a strong man; he crossed the Emperor's wishes, jeopardizing his future throne. In a sour mood the Emperor might have banished him then and there. Anthony of Rome, and our own Andrew Jackson were strong men and they laid their power in women's hands. But Franz Ferdinand, when he yielded to Sophie, became a toy in her hands. Vienna said, "She carries him in her pocket." He was honest and he was blunt, quite without the shrewd gift for diplomacy that belonged to the Hapsburgs. Sophie had her enormous ambition to right the wrongs of the Czechs. He did this not idealistically, possessing no passion for justice, no desire to see down-trodden people uplifted. He did it merely because a dainty hand stroked his chin and a sweet voice said: "Franz, won't you do this for me?" Sugar-fed, spur-pricked, the good steed went prancing into the arena of world politics. Blind to what it would mean, never thinking of the power of the forces in the Dual Monarchy, and in Germany, that he would antagonize by espousing the cause of the Czechs, Franz Ferdinand led their fight. For him, personally, it was bad; for the former maid-in-waiting it was good. At the worst, she would be able to tear out the kingdom of Bohemia from the Austrian "crazy quilt" for her son.

Time went on, and her power became more great. The

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old Emperor grew to know her wisdom and took her into his counsel. When Austria cynically tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the diplomats wondered. It was a bold, ruthless act. Being wise men, many of the diplomats gave the credit to Franz Ferdinand. He was young, ambitious, strong. There were others who looked behind the figure of the Crown Prince and saw that stronger woman with the firm chin and the round eyes which at times could be as innocent as a baby's. And they decided that it was she who had inspired the tearing up of the treaty of Berlin—she who had made herself ducal wife, who would carve out a great empire for her son, who would make herself supreme in that empire, or pull down the pillars of Europe.

Nothing was beyond her ambition. She schemed across the borders of Austria. She caused herself to be invited to Berlin by the Kaiser; she pretended to agree with him in his schemes. He did her many honors, all of which helped her in Vienna. The old Emperor raised her to the rank of Archduchess and bestowed upon her the title of Imperial Highness. This cleared her path to the throne; it was the first step toward the removal of the barrier between her son and the throne; it made it possible for that boy of unprincely blood to some day become Austrian Emperor.

In Vienna there formed a strong party opposed to the "Chotek woman," as they called her. They pinned their hopes upon the gallant Otto—he who sought to jump his horse over a hearse in the streets of Vienna. A notorious man, he was married to a Princess of Saxony without beauty. One night, at a time when he was Colonel commanding a regiment of dragoons, he drank deep at Sachers and marched his drunkards home with him to the Imperial Palace in the Ausgarten. They boisterously trooped through the park and fell up the palace stairs. The mad Otto decided he would introduce his boon fellows to the Archduchess, his Saxon wife, without beauty. An aged retainer who had accompanied her from her home barred the Archduke's path. Straightening his old spine, he said: "Your Royal Highness shall not enter except over my dead body." Otto drew his saber and in his

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alcoholic fury slashed open the ancient man. Then with his carousers he crossed the threshold. . . . This was the man who was the hope of the conspirators in Vienna.

The spring of 1914 sped along. Franz Joseph was growing very feeble. The day was not far off when he would die, when Franz Ferdinand would come to the throne, there to be ruled by she whose policies ran counter to those of the Austrian nobility, counter to the Hungarian nobles—to Berlin. With increasing power, she became bold. One day she said that there would soon be a kingdom of Bohemia. The German Kaiser sent for Franz Ferdinand and verified his suspicions. Sophie Chotek had made a fool of him. He had blundered in giving her the prestige of an invitation to his court. Bitterly he realized how adroitly she had used it to further her own position in Vienna. . . .

The Kaiser's talk with Franz Ferdinand showed him that the Austrian heir was as soft clay in Sophie Chotek's hands. The heir was opposed to the ascendancy of Germany in Austrian affairs. He was cool toward the plans of Berlin. He could see no point in making war to acquire all the land down to Turkey. He said it would antagonize the English. The Kaiser discerned that it was his wife speaking through the Austrian heir—she who had cleverly read the designs of Germany, that Teutonic scheme to use Austria as a catspaw and then to dominate Austria and to create a Teutonic empire from the Baltic to the Persian gulf. She knew that were these things to come to pass, that the German Kaiser would rule all, that her dreams for an independent Bohemia—all her other dreams—would be snuffed out. So to the Kaiser's policies her husband said no. Sophie Chotek and Franz Ferdinand had incurred the wrath of Berlin.

They had both been hated by the Vienna court, she because she had been a lady-in-waiting and had risen to a position where she would be Empress; he because he had married a lowly countess and was fighting for the cause of an oppressed, sneered-on people. They had been hated in Hungary, because they both were committed to the creation of a powerful Czech and Slavish state; and the Hungarians hated

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the Czechs and the Slavs. The hatred for Sophie and Franz Ferdinand grew when they opposed the schemes of the diplomats in Vienna who desired a great land grab in the Balkans. When Berlin's hate was added their doom was written!

There is a little city in the empire called Sarajevo. It is filled with Jugo-Slavs who hate, with good reason, the house of Hapsburg. In whose brain the plot originated is not yet known. The priest who ministered to Sophie Chotek says that it was the plot of Count Tisza, leader of the Hungarian nobles. It would seem, though, in the light of recent revelations, that Count Berchtold in Vienna and the Kaiser in Berlin must have known every detail of that plot. In the Vienna court in the summer of 1914 they told Franz Ferdinand that it was his duty, as heir to the throne, to go with his wife to Sarajevo and win the favor of its disaffected people to the house of Hapsburg—an impossible task. Franz Ferdinand knew that Sarajevo was filled with plotters who would welcome the opportunity to assassinate him. He declined to go. The plotters in Vienna caused it to be whispered about that he was afraid; so, in a headstrong way, he said, "I will go."

Before he went the Austrian Foreign Office was warned by the Servian Minister that positive information had come from Belgrade that a plot had been hatched to kill Franz Ferdinand and his wife when they visited Sarajevo.

Vienna let him go. Nor were there any precautions taken for the trip. The priest who was Sophie's spiritual adviser said the other day, "Franz Ferdinand was sent to Sarajevo to be slain. He was led into a trap prepared by the court at Vienna and by the Hungarian aristocracy. Austria never made any proper inquiry into the tragedy and no one was made responsible for the fact that no precautionary measures were taken to avoid it."

Thereby hangs the tale—the tale that goes back to Berlin—to those who swept Franz Ferdinand and the Little Lady of Bohemia from the path of their ambitions, and made the tragedy serve their purpose by creating from it a "cause" for war.

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THE MAN WHO HAD TO STAY AT HOME

The Story of Major-General Leonard Wood

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is dead, but Leonard Wood lives. That is almost as if dear Teddy still lived. For "T. R." was "L. W."; and "L. W." was "T. R." From that evening twenty-three years ago, when they were introduced at dinner in the Lowndes house in Washington, their lives were entwined. Both prophets of the "strenuous life," both organizers and administrators of "big things"; both men of broad vision, with that gift of being able to think ahead; both vivid students of nationalism; both highly bred from old American ancestors; both men of few words and quick action; both preachers of "Americanism" long before that became significant; both diplomatic, democratic and exponents of the "square deal"—it seemed that when their paths crossed there was something infinite in the doing. One was Damon, the other Pythias. And Wood was not the kind of Pythias to carry a knife that knows no friends. A man of great talents, he somehow gave the impression of always stepping back a little, while Roosevelt stepped to the fore; for Wood possessed gratitude and one would be rash indeed to say that "T. R." did not give him his opportunity. *Noblesse oblige!* But the nation's hero, Teddy, is gone. What will his boon friend do now? From his career it would seem that when opportunity came Leonard Wood was always ready.

In the annals of the war he is known as the "man who had to stay home"—who stayed home and "did not talk." The strange analogy of their lives is that both were eager to serve the striking arm of the nation's strength and both, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, stayed home. Neither was

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permitted to serve abroad in the clash. When the reports of America's victories were cabled from France, Wood's was not the name signed to them. Wood was out in the corn country, obeying orders, training soldiers on the Kansas plains. When the armistice was proclaimed and the headlines blazed with our victorious general's name, Leonard Wood was quietly at work in Camp Funston. Yet the other night, when, on the screen of a New York motion picture "palace," there flickered the image of the man who had to stay home, a whole audience clapped and cheered. Why?

YET WOOD SAID NOTHING

BECAUSE they knew him for a man—a man who obeyed orders without a wry face, who kept his mouth shut, and gave his country the best there was in him, in the one way that was permitted him. There was that and the somewhat intangible thought that possibly Leonard Wood was the heritage of Theodore Roosevelt, and a thought that just as during the war the service of "T. R." was "at home," so was that of his life-long friend, "L. W." Only a most powerful personality can keep green, a little, an event which has passed. The American people have not forgotten the men who had to stay home.

When early in the war he was sent to France to make a quick study of the front, to bring back his experiences for the benefit of men training in the United States, he went into an extremely delicate situation. The French and British military authorities realized that he was the foremost military man in America, yet he was not in command of the American Expeditionary Force. They realized that he knew more about European warfare, due to a first-hand study of the French and German armies, than did any man in the American army. They knew that the British War Ministry was particularly worried because Leonard Wood had been relegated to the mere role of division commander. They realized that his presence in France would be embarrassing to the Commander and Chief of Staff of the American army.

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Leonard Wood had an international reputation. He had been the guest of the French Army at maneuvers. He knew the French President, and he was a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. He knew all the French Generals, Lloyd George wanted him to come to England. It was a chance that a man who could not efface self, who was not a diplomat, might have seized, but the whole time Leonard Wood was in France he simply obeyed orders. There was not a word out of him. He sought to see no one, except in the line of duty. The only time his name appeared in the newspapers was when he stood near a field gun which burst, wounding him. When he came out of the hospital, and sailed back to America, correspondents begged him for interviews. Leonard Wood said nothing.

Leonard Wood is not merely a soldier. Arts, other than the military, he has mastered. His mental equipment is varied. His career shows that his constitution had enough iron in it to enable him to serve in a blazing clime, as law-maker, judge and governor at the same time. He has cleaned up filth and disease, built sewers, devised a scheme of finance, placated a powerful church influence, laid to rest a bitter race hatred, and emerged from the conflicting cross currents impelled by these activities a popular man!

It was said of him by Roosevelt that what Cromer did for Egypt Wood did for Cuba—except that Wood's task was the harder of the two. Roosevelt said, also, as others have said, that Leonard Wood's executive and constructive capacity is that of a master statesman.

THE NEW "WOOD PLAN"

WHEN the armistice was signed the commanders of every camp and cantonment in the United States and France were worried. How to keep up the morale of the soldiers? The war was over, but the troops could not, of course, be at once returned to civilian life. With the end of fighting the militant spirit of civilian America in arms fell away. One man did the big thing—one man in the United States and in France.

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In Camp Funston Leonard Wood opened a "university." There were 27,000 men in his command. To maintain discipline, there was, of course, a little daily drilling; then he was a Major General. To prevent the time from dragging, to benefit the men, to construct for our national life, there were "classes"; then he was "Principal." For the signing of the armistice found the "man who stayed home" ready. Within a few weeks he had transformed a military camp into a huge school. One month after Leonard Wood opened his "university" it was a success. Shortly after that, in the midst of his new and vital work, he received an order from Washington transferring him to Chicago, to a dull administrative job, entangled with red tape.

He was shelved again, but the Kansas House of Representatives and Senate held a joint session in his honor, and carrying the message for which, with Roosevelt, he always stood, Wood told them of his new plan for national defence which he had tested out at Camp Funston, combining military training with education.

FATHER OF THE "PLATTSBURG" IDEA

WOOD has been called the "Man of Opportunity," but upon considering his career one wonders if because of his habit of assiduous application to all affairs of moment, he did not create the opportunity, or at least make himself fitted for an exigency, should it come.

It was his plan which made it possible for the United States to officer so quickly an army of two and a half million men. Back in 1914 Leonard Wood knew how many officers of requisite physical condition were on the rolls of the War Department and how many West Point could add, by rushing graduation classes, in the event of war. And viewed in the light of the size of armies today the total was a handful. He knew that sooner or later we would become involved in the European war, and in a characteristic way he began to prepare. Within the command of the Department of the East,

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of which he was in charge when the Great War came, was Plattsburg. "Why not," thought Wood, "use the Plattsburg Barracks as a summer training camp for civilians? Train them to become officers in the event of war."

And in 1915 Wood opened the Plattsburg Camp. Attendance was voluntary. He secured the co-operation of prominent civilians in New York. They opened a campaign for recruits, "Spend your vacation at Plattsburg." A "camp" lasted a month. There were June, July and August camps. Leonard Wood detailed officers to give the instruction. The volunteer student paid his railroad fare, his board and bought his uniform. Wood provided sleeping quarters, rifles, belts, packs, ammunition and instructors. In 1916 Plattsburg was running full blast again. In 1917 the United States entered the war. Where were our officers coming from? The War Department used the "Plattsburg idea." The Wood plan tried out in 1915 was the basis for all the officers' training camps which opened in America in May of 1917. A great crisis had again found him ready.

TEDDY AND LEONARD

"VOLUNTEER," Wood used to tell his officers, "for any kind of service that is offered. You never can tell where it will lead you." It would seem that the physical Wood is so powerful that no work, no matter how severe, could undermine him. At fifty-seven he is still in the prime of vigorous manhood. In his presence one feels in the presence of a "big man." His eyes are gray and wise, and when he is deep in thought or studying a man, they almost close. As an old trooper, who was with Wood when he chased Geronimo, the Apache, said, "He had an eye in his head that you didn't want to have hit you if you wasn't satisfied to have it see clean through." Although Leonard Wood lacks six feet, by an inch, there is something almost Herculean about him. Massive, with powerful shoulders, deep chest, firm and quick in every motion, a tense and erect figure, he conveys a singular sense of energy and dogged determination. His

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face is "strong," large featured, calm and studious. A phrenologist would say that the protuberance of his brow above the eyes indicated an enormous power of observation. He played football until he was thirty-seven years old, walked great distances with a long swift stride, jumped like a cat, remained in the saddle an incredible number of hours and wrestled, boxed and fenced like a professional.

"On guard—ah-h-h—bully—take that—by godfrey—well hit—ouch—o-u-c-h—*dee-lighted!*"

And the next morning President Theodore Roosevelt would appear at breakfast with welts and bumps on his face. "A little go with the gloves with Leonard last night," he would smilingly explain. "Great man, Leonard, very active and no weakling. I shall bear him in mind."

He did bear him "in mind," but it is the fact that McKinley and Taft were able to prefer him to a greater extent even than Roosevelt.

They had previously been associated in the organization of the Rough Riders. When the Spanish War came, there came with it the idea to organize a regiment of mounted riflemen, men having unusual qualifications of marksmanship and horsemanship. Roosevelt and Wood were regarded as products of the Western country, men qualified to lead such an organization. Roosevelt was offered the Colonelcy but declined, saying that Wood was better fitted for it, and that he would serve as Lieutenant Colonel if Wood were given command. Alger, the Secretary of War, gave Wood a desk in his office and said: "Don't let me hear a word from you until your regiment is raised. When you have your requisitions and other papers ready, bring them to me and I'll sign them." That was an order after Wood's heart. He knew there was chaos in the War Department—chaos bound in red tape. Our state of military preparation was a scandal. Wood burned up the telegraph wires. Twenty-six days after Wood took charge of the organization of the Rough Riders they were mobilized in Texas. Wood was prepared—ready for his opportunity.

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THE MASTER BUILDER

McKINLEY made Leonard Wood the Governor General of Cuba. Here the man revealed his surprising versatility. Cuba had known Wood as the Colonel of the Rough Riders and Teddy as the Lieutenant Colonel. Fate yanked Roosevelt into the President's chair a year later; and he did not forget Wood. The man who at Las Guimas had deliberately exposed himself to a withering fire from the Spaniards so that his men would be steeled to battle pitch turned to the pursuits of peace. Wood gave Cuba laws. His railroad law has been pronounced a model of legislation. He gave the island good roads, city of Santiago paved streets, and extirpated yellow fever. Under Wood Americans and Europeans could visit Cuba without fearing the plague. He gave the Cubans a sense of law and order and civic pride. He was a master builder—and a diplomat.

In Cuba the Church was bitter at the Americans for having parted Church and State and divested the archbishop of his accustomed revenues. Leonard Wood began to make friends among the priests. A man descended from New England Puritans hobnobbed with the dignitaries of a church to which all his early religious teachings were opposed. Once more he effaced self for the good of America. He steered his course so diplomatically that when the new archbishop of Santiago was appointed Leonard Wood was invited to take a prominent place in the triumphal procession and found that the place of honor at the side of the archbishop, under the canopy, was his. And while the shades of his Puritan ancestors must have squirmed Wood marched in the church procession and laid at rest all feelings of hostility for America.

After his success in Cuba Leonard Wood was sent to the Philippines to handle a far more difficult task—the pacification of Mindanao. His was a job to wipe out the lawlessness of twenty Moro tribes, to earn their good will, and to transform a place of headhunting and polygamy into a clean American colony with public schools! He did it. Had he been merely a warrior he would have succeeded. He would

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have stamped out lawlessness, but it would have remained stamped out only as long as the natives saw sentries with fixed bayonets. But Wood pacified a province, transformed bitter enemies into loyal friends. How? What magic possesses this man? Nothing but common sense and a taste to read and study things other than Von der Goetz's "Nation in Arms" and the lectures of Foch. Wood is a student of the military art, but he is a student of something more. History, the evolution of peoples, and economics, he has mastered quite as easily.

On his journey to savage Mindanao Wood did not mull over military things. He stopped off in India, Ceylon, Java, the Straits Settlements and other colonies. He was studying colonial administration, obtaining the best ideas of British and Dutch officials, inspecting their work, checking up their methods by visiting and talking with the natives. One day in Manila a friend from America called on Wood. He saw bookshelves that filled three walls of Wood's office, shelves filled with statistics and reports on colonial government.

"That's a fine collection," said his friend, "but when do you expect to get time to read through all that stuff?"

"Read them," replied Wood; "I've already read every line of them; they have helped me."

He made himself ready for the job, just as in recent years he has studied deeply American national life, all the forces which will make or unmake us as a nation.

WHAT COMRADES THINK OF WOOD

LEONARD WOOD has the gift of making men love him. When he went to the Philippines he had to pacify not only the Moros, but American officers and soldiers blindly prejudiced because of his rapid promotion. Jealous rivals had whispered that he was a White House pet, a doctor; not a soldier. He was what an officer who was with him in the islands said:

"Pretty soon that part of the army began to realize that he was a hustler; that he knew a good deal about the soldier's

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game; that he did things and did them right; that when he sent troops into the field he went along with them, and when they had to eat hardtack and bacon, he did it too; that when there were swamps to plod through, he was right along with them; that when reveille sounded before daybreak, he was usually up and dressed before us; that when a man was down and out, and he happened to be near, he'd get off his horse and see what the matter was and fix the fellow up if he could; that he had a pleasant word for all hands, from the Colonel down to the teamster or packer; that when he gave an order it was a sensible one, and that he didn't change it after it went out, and that he remembered a man who did a good piece of work, and showed his appreciation at every chance."

It would seem as if there was something almost fatalistic in the merging of the careers of Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood. Only the other day it was rumored that Wood was to take the place of Roosevelt in the writing of articles for a national magazine, calculated to bring about a better "Americanization." Both Roosevelt and Wood were deep thinkers upon this subject, but Teddy was a vociferous spokesman, while Wood, with that self-effacement which characterized the man in the affairs of his country and of Roosevelt, kept somewhat in the background. Eloquent he is, tremendously so. He has a way of saying things in a few words which hit hard with unpleasant truth. When we were in that aloof state of mind with "business just as usual" in the Spring of 1917, he said, "We have got to bring live men to France and bring back dead men." His words stunned the nation, drove home to people how serious the war was. Like Roosevelt, Wood feared fatuous confidence.

Leonard Wood knew the power of the German war machine. Like Roosevelt, he had sat on a horse beside the Kaiser in peace time and watched the mighty legions of the Hun go through the mimic attacks which a few years later they launched at an unready world. He realized when war came to us that we were to be engaged in no child's play. He had a clear comprehension of the task confronting us months before the Italian débâcle of 1917. And of these things he

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deemed it his duty to speak. Before he took charge of Camp Funston, appalled at the way our preparations for war were hesitating, disturbed at the outlook in ordnance and the quartermaster's department, realizing that ours was a race against time, that we must put a powerful army on the battle-line before the Allies were worn down, he roused the country with a speech which graphically depicted "the blond beast trampling over Europe." He feared the spirit taking root, that "America can lick the earth." He saw his soldiers of Camp Funston drilling in civilian clothes and with baseball bats. He dreaded the red tape in the machinery of our war preparations which was holding back uniforms and rifles. He knew that debates were being held on the kind of machine guns to be made instead of placing the orders for the guns. Time and again, seeing only the future of the nation, he caused a message of "speed" to be flashed throughout the country. This was like Wood. He detested red tape and armchair warriors. He remembered the Spanish-American war and the remark a General made to him at that time: "Here I had a magnificent system, my office and department were in good working order, and this confounded war comes along and breaks it all up."

HIS INNATE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT

WOOD knew that similar thinking men were in power in Washington, and he feared their inefficiency when he thought of the German war machine. The men ultimately walked the plank. It was Wood who incurred their wrath by appearing in the Senate and telling the truth about our preparations, mincing no words, and causing the American people to demand action. He knew that this would get him in trouble with the armchair Generals of our army, whose political power was strong. But he deemed it his duty to tell the American people the truth about the situation. He has always decided what was the right thing to do, and then had the courage to do it.

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Thirty-five years ago when he was not in the army, when he had just received his diploma from the Harvard Medical School, he revealed this trait in his character. As an interne in a Boston hospital he was required to send for the visiting surgeon in all cases requiring immediate operation, and was himself forbidden to do the work. One day an infant was brought in in such a perilous condition that death might result from any delay. Leonard Wood decided that the right thing to do was to operate at once. He knew he would get into trouble if he did not wait for the visiting surgeon. He operated—carefully, fearlessly, successfully. Five minutes later the visiting surgeon walked into the room and demanded an explanation and apology. Wood's reply was: "I saw that the right thing to do was to operate at once. I did it."

But he would not apologize for having done right. He was first suspended and then dismissed—a reward which in one form or another has seemed to follow that thing in his character which instantly recognizes the right thing to do and courageously bids him do it.

Leonard Wood believed in his own words—"a plaster over a man's mouth is as useful as eloquence within it." It is probable that his stoical will to sentence himself to silence in times of stress has endeared Leonard Wood to the American people. When, without public explanation, this man who with Theodore Roosevelt had roused the American people to the need of military preparedness, whom the nation regarded, not without reason, as the ablest organizer in our army, when with the declaration of war with Germany looming but a few weeks away, he was suddenly transferred to an obscure post in the South he said nothing. Merely to reporters who asked him to make a statement, he said, "I obey orders." When war came and Wood, the foremost man in our military establishment—our senior Major General, a Chief of Staff—was left to cool his heels in Charleston, S. C., while another General was placed in command of the American Expeditionary Force, he said nothing.

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THAT INCIDENT OF "STAYING HOME"

WHEN on the eve of sailing for France with the 89th Division, which he had built out of raw material into the best division of the National Army, he was suddenly relieved of command and ordered to a desk job in San Francisco, he said nothing. But he did go to Washington to plead with President Wilson that he be allowed to lead these men whom he had trained into action. A special board of military surgeons had pronounced him "fit." President Wilson listened to Wood's plea for justice and Wood did not have to go to San Francisco, but he did not go to France. He was ordered back to Camp Funston to train troops. And all anybody could get Wood to say was, "All that I feel privileged to say regarding my talk with the President is that he was very courteous and very considerate."

And so he went back to the Kansas plains while the great army that he had long urged, commanded by officers, made in a vast school of his own conception—the "Plattsburg idea"—went into battle and won.

"I am leaving for Camp Funston tomorrow," said General Wood, when his plea to be allowed to fight was turned down, "where I shall give the best that is in me to the training of the boys who will be ordered to that camp." And he did. Not a word of protest out of him. Had he wished to speak he could have stirred the country. "I obey orders." The disappointment was heart-breaking; another man might have sulked in his tent. "I will give the best there is in me," said the man who stayed home.

When the news came to the men of his division that Leonard Wood was not to lead them in France, they were bitter. When he returned from Washington every officer in Camp Funston was waiting to greet him. Realizing their youth, sincerity and loyalty to him, Wood once more diplomatically effaced self. He told them not to concern themselves with his case, but to give all that was in them to the great task before them, and to think of nothing else. "There isn't anything to be said," he told them; "these orders stand,

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and the only thing to do is to do the best we can—all of us—to win the war."

Theodore Roosevelt is credited with having said: "Others talked about building the Panama Canal. *I did it.*" Speaking of Leonard Wood's achievement in transforming Cuba into a clean, up-to-date law-abiding country, Theodore Roosevelt said: "He was put down there to do an absolutely new task. *He did it.*" The resemblance between the two men is amazing—little talk, much action, big results. Roosevelt, the man, is dead, but in Wood his spirit lives. And that spirit, that same fearlessness to do right, that same gift of looking ahead and being ready, that same tenacity and determination, that same deep Americanism, is going to bring Leonard Wood to—what?

In 1916 a man, a party leader in Republican politics, sat at the end of a long-distance telephone in a committee room of the convention hall in Chicago. At the other end was Theodore Roosevelt. "If I cannot be nominated I will support Leonard Wood," Roosevelt had told that man a few days before in conference at Oyster Bay. And now it was the eleventh hour of the convention and the fight between the Roosevelt and Hughes supporters was almost at a deadlock, with Hughes slightly in the lead. "You cannot be nominated," said the man at the 'phone.

The voice from Oyster Bay—the voice that never yielded to defeat, answered in its shrill staccato: "I am the only man who can win the election on the Republican ticket—fight on," and the 'phone clicked.

Hughes was nominated. Leonard Wood's name was not put before the convention. It was withdrawn at his own request. That was Wood, the friend; Wood, the man. Today his name looms large on the horizon and the silenced voice of Roosevelt speaks only in the thoughts of those who knew his choice.

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AS I KNEW ROOSEVELT

By "BILL" SEWALL

[TRAPPER, GUIDE, FOREMAN OF CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH, AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF ROOSEVELT]

I AM an old Maine guide, now in my seventy-fifth year. All my life I have had a place down in the Maine woods for the hunters and fishermen from the cities, as my father had before me. My father's house was always open, and mine has been, except for the three years I spent with Theodore Roosevelt on his cattle-ranch in the Far West.

Teddy Roosevelt was eighteen years old when I first knew him. The Maine woods was an unknown wild in those days except to a few very enthusiastic city sportsmen among whom were W. Emlen Roosevelt and J. West Roosevelt, both cousins of Theodore. They had been at my place once, and in the summer of 1877 they brought Theodore down. He was run down from overwork at college,—thin, pale, his eyes and his heart were weak. Arthur Cutter, then the head of the Cutter School in New York City, where Theodore prepared for college, was with the party. The night after they came Cutter took me on one side and told me I should have to get another guide to go along with them, that Theodore was not well and that I should have to look after him myself.

"Theodore is not strong," he told me, "but he's all grit. He will never tell you he is tired, or what ails him. He will go as long as he can keep up."

I found him exactly so. Within a week I had made up my mind he was different from anybody that I had ever seen. What I noted especially was his remarkable all-round knowledge. He seemed to have more general information than any young fellow I had ever met. Also he had more correct and fixed ideas of right and wrong—and fair play. As a woodsman brought up to plain, perhaps primitive, ideas, his fairness won my heart at once,—and it started a friendship between us that held strong up to the day of his death.

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He was argumentative, even inclined to be combative for his own opinions, even then. He wanted everything done right—out in the open. I remember hearing one of our Aroostook men say one day, that first summer, that he always treated every man as a rascal till he found out he was honest. Theodore Roosevelt took him up at once, and told him that that was a very narrow view,—a very poor encouragement for the other fellow. He said that he went the other way about—and regarded every man as an honest man until he was convinced otherwise. That was his policy all his life. There is an old saying that the boy is father to the man. I never found Theodore Roosevelt's actions all his life, though, to be different from that first summer, and I afterwards lived with him for nearly three years.

IN THE UNTRODDEN WILDS OF MAINE

HE took to the life of the woods as a duck to water. He was curious and eager about everything in nature. He told me a couple of years after that he had made up his mind to follow the career of a naturalist. And his books show that he was one—among many other things. His improvement in health and looks was noticeable within the first couple of weeks. I taught him to fire his first rifle. Big game we could not get—it was in the close season—but duck and partridges were plentiful. Fishing he never cared for, although the lake-fishing in Maine is the finest of its kind in the world.

He came the next year, and the year after, and this time nothing would content him but an expedition into almost untrodden wilds. We made a trip that summer clear to the headwaters of the Aroostook, where the moose were wild and plenty. He came in winter, after that. Right in midwinter to see the country, get the snowshoeing, and the life of the logging camps. Maine is just as wonderful, just as beautiful in winter as in summer, although no sportsman ever came then; but Theodore Roosevelt was a born naturalist and hunter, and he could not be kept back. In the logging

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camps he met men who knew a good deal of the very heart of nature, rough fellows, but truth-tellers, and he spent many an evening with them. I remember after one session he remarked to me that he had heard much that evening that he could have read in books, but that he had gotten it first-hand here, and felt it was truer, because the men had lived their stories. They knew exactly what they were talking about.

Here was one of the open secrets of his great career. A great many people have said to me at different times in my life, knowing I was so intimate with him, that they could not see how he knew so much about everything and everybody—all kinds of people—and I have told them it was simply because he was one of them himself. Wherever he went he got right down among the people, talked with them; found out their ideas, and what they wanted. It was so in the Maine woods. It was so all his life. That spring he came of age—and, after graduation, got married and went to Europe. While in Europe I had letters from him. I've always had letters from him ever since. I have always been able to remember one letter I got that summer, because it was so much like him. He said he was being treated finely; having a very nice time; but that the more he saw of foreign lands the more pleased he was to remember that he was a free-born American citizen, that he acknowledged no man his superior except by merit, or his inferior, except by demerit.

When he came home he was elected to the New York legislature—and his daughter, Alice, was born. When she was ten days old, and her mother supposed to be out of danger, he went back to Albany, but was immediately summoned home by telegraph. When he arrived home he found both his wife and his mother lying at the point of death. His mother had been an invalid for years—but was not supposed to be in any immediate danger. He lost them both. It was a terrible shock. Professor Cutter told me very shortly after this that they had been really alarmed for his reason, he appeared to be utterly stunned by the sudden blow. A family council was held and it was decided to get him to go out to the Far West. That was a great country in those days—

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a new country—entirely new, as God made it. God's Country, they of the West called the cities in the East, but I call the West God's Country, for it undoubtedly saved Theodore Roosevelt's life and reason.

RANCHING IN THE DAKOTA "BAD LANDS"

SO he started for Dakota. Out there in the so-called "Bad Lands" he heard a lot of cattle talk. It was hailed as the coming cattle country. As a matter of fact, the winters are too hard and long, as it proved in our case. But that's another part of my story. He came home and wrote to me, asking if I would go out with him and take my nephew Don along; he knew Don well. He said he thought he would start a ranch. We exchanged letters and then he wrote us to come on at once, promising that if we went we shouldn't lose anything. He knew we had very little money. That was all the trade there was between us. I still have the letter that decided me to go:

"Now, a little plain talk, though I do not think it necessary for I know you too well. If you are afraid of hard work and privation do not come West. If you expect to make a fortune in a year or two, do not come West. If you will give up under temporary discouragements, do not come West. If, on the other hand, you are willing to work hard, especially the first year; if you realize that for a couple of years you cannot expect to make much more than you are now making; and if you also know that at the end of that time you will be in receipt of about a thousand dollars for the third year, with an unlimited rise ahead of you and a future as bright as you yourself choose to make it—then come. Now, I take it for granted you will not hesitate at this time. So fix up your affairs *at once*, and be ready to start before the end of this month."

We reached Dakota, Don and myself, about the last of July that year, Don's wife and mine coming out months later. It was a wild country—just as God made it. All unclaimed land belonged either to the Government or the North-

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ern Pacific Railroad. We were simply squatters, as nearly all the other men were in those days. The first thing we had to do was to build a ranch-house of hewn cottonwood logs, the only timber in the country. It was thirty feet wide and sixty feet long. Some size for a city-dweller! Walls seven feet high, flat roof. We had to send to Minneapolis for lumber for the roof. Inside he had a room; my wife and I had a room; Don and his wife had a room; there was a kitchen and dining-room; and one or two small rooms beside.

Theodore Roosevelt got his first taste of real hunting, big-game hunting, the thing he had longed for since his first days in the Maine woods, while we were building that house. He went away up into the Big Horn Mountains after grizzly bear and elk—and got both. He had planned for me to go with him and leave Don on the ranch, but building that house was a big job, and I advised him to get a man who knew something of the country, and he did. He was gone on that first great hunting trip—he had many afterwards in all parts of the world—nearly three months, camping out all the time in about the wildest country the sun ever shone on. The buffalo were fast disappearing when we went out to Montana. Indeed, they were almost gone under the rifles of the hired bands of hunters sent out by the railroads to exterminate them. But there were still a few left in the Bad Lands and one of Theodore's first hunting trips was after buffalo. He told about that hunt in his book, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," which he wrote right there in the ranch-house in the spring of 1885. It was good sport.

HE KILLS A BISON

"SO far," I am quoting his book, "the trip had certainly not been a success although sufficiently varied as regards its incidents. We had been confined to moist biscuits for three days as our food; had been wet and cold at night, and sunburned till our faces peeled in the day; were hungry and tired, and had met with bad weather, and all kinds of accidents; in addition I had shot badly. But a man who is

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fond of sport and yet not naturally a good hunter, soon learns that if he keeps doggedly on, even though the odds are heavy, in the end the longest lane will prove to have a turning.

"Such was the case on this occasion. Shortly after midday we left the creek bottom and skirted a ridge of broken buttes cut up by gullies and winding ravines in whose bottoms grew bunch grass. While passing the mouth of one of these ravines both ponies threw up their heads, and sniffed the air. Feeling sure they had smelt some wild beast, either a bear or a buffalo, I slipped off my pony and ran quickly but cautiously up along the valley. Before I had gone a hundred yards I noticed in the soft soil at the bottom the round prints of a bison's hoofs; and immediately afterwards got a glimpse of the animal himself as he fed slowly up the ravine some distance ahead. The wind was just right and no ground could have been better for stalking. Hardly needing to bend down, I walked up behind a small sharp-crested bullock, and, peeping over there below me, not fifty yards off, was a great bison bull. He was walking along grazing as he walked. His glossy fall coat was in fine trim, and shone in the rays of the sun; while his pride of bearing showed him to be in the lusty vigor of his prime.

"As I rose above the crest of the hill, he held up his head and cocked his tail in the air. Before he could go off I put the bullet in behind his shoulder. The wound was an almost immediately fatal one, yet with surprising agility for so large and heavy an animal, he bounded up the opposite side of the ravine heedless of two more balls, both of which went into his flank and ranged forward; and disappeared over the ridge at a lumbering gallop, the blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils. We knew he could not go far, and trotted leisurely along on his bloody trail; and in the next gully we found him stark dead, lying almost on his back, having pitched over the side when he tried to go down it. His head was a remarkably fine one even for a fall buffalo."

Elk were also becoming scarce, but on a trip to the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming one year we secured

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some fine heads—of one of these Theodore afterwards said, "The finest bull with the best head that I got was killed in the midst of very beautiful and grand surroundings. We had been hunting through a great pine wood which ran up to the edge of a broad canyon-like valley, bounded by sheer walls of rock. There were fresh tracks of elk about, and we had been advancing upward with even more than our usual caution when on stepping out into a patch of open ground near the edge of the cliff we came upon a great bull, beating and thrashing his antlers against a young tree eighty yards off. He stopped and faced us for a second, his mighty antlers thrown into the air as he held his head aloft. Behind him towered the tall and sombre pines, while at his feet the jutting crags overhung the deep chasm below, that stretched off between high walls of barren and snow-streaked rocks, the evergreen clinging to their sides, while along the bottom the rapid torrent gathered in places into black and sullen mountain lakes. As the bull turned to run, I struck him just behind the shoulder; he reeled to the death-blow, but staggered gamely on a few rods into the forest before sinking to the ground with my second bullet through his lungs."

LEADS A REGULAR COWBOY LIFE

WHAT may not be generally known to the people at large is that Theodore not only shared every danger of the hunt, but in every way entered into that Western life without any reserve whatever. Often he actually rode the range with the hands, a regular cowboy sharing the camp life. This is one story he tells of one of his early round-ups:

"Early in June, just after the close of the regular spring round-up, a couple of supply wagons with a score of riders between them were sent to work some hitherto untouched country between the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone. I was going as the representative of our own and one or two other neighboring hands, but as the round-up had halted near my ranch, I determined to spend a day there and then to join the wagons; the appointed meeting place being a

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cluster of red scovia buttes some forty miles distant where there was a spring of good water. Most of my day at the ranch was spent in slumber, for I had been several weeks on the round-up where nobody ever gets quite enough sleep. . . . The men are in the saddle from dawn until dusk, at the time when the days are longest, and in addition there is the regular night guarding and now and then a furious storm or a stampede, when for twenty-four hours at a stretch the riders only dismount to change horses or snatch a mouthful of food. . . .

"I started in the bright sunrise, riding one horse, and driving loose before me eight others, one carrying my bedding. They traveled strung out in single file. . . . In mid-afternoon I reached the wagons. . . . Our wagon was to furnish the night guards for the cattle; and each of us had his gentlest horse tied ready to hand. The night guards went on duty two at a time for two-hour watches. By good luck my watch came last. My comrade was a happy-go-lucky young Texan who for some inscrutable reason was known as 'Latigo Strap'; he had just come from the South with a big drove of trail cattle. A few minutes before two one of the guards who had gone on duty at midnight rode into camp and wakened us by shaking our shoulders. . . . one of the annoyances of guarding, at least in thick weather, is the occasional difficulty of finding the herd after leaving camp, or in returning to camp after the watch is over; there are few things more exasperating than to be helplessly wandering about in the dark under such circumstances. However, on this occasion, there was no such trouble, for it was a brilliant starlit night and the herd had been bedded down by a sugar loaf butte which made a good landmark.

"As we reached the spot we could make out the form of the cattle lying close together on the level plain; and then the dim figure of a horseman rose vaguely from the darkness and moved by in silence; it was the other of the two midnight guards on his way back to his broken slumber. At once we began to ride slowly round the cattle in opposite direction. We were silent, for the night was clear and the herd quiet.

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In wild weather, when the cattle are restless, the cowboys never cease calling and singing as they circle them, for the sounds seem to quiet the beasts. For over an hour we steadily paced the endless round. Then faint streaks of gray appeared in the East. Latigo Strap began to call merrily to the cattle. A coyote came sneaking over the butte, and halted to yell and wail. As it grew lighter the cattle became restless, rising and stretching themselves while we continued to ride around them.

'Then the bronc' began to pitch
And I began to ride;
He bucked me off a cut bank
Hell! I nearly died!'

sang Latigo from the other side of the herd. A yell from the wagons afar off told that the cook was summoning the sleeping cow-punchers to breakfast . . . . all the cattle got on their feet and started feeding."

REGAINS HIS HEALTH AT HEAVY COST

I DON'T know whether the plain story of that ranch has ever been told. Theodore invested about $125,000 to stock our claim—in cattle and horses—about a hundred head of the latter, and he lost most of it, but he came back physically strong enough to be a future President of the United States! Our whole trouble from a financial standpoint was that cattle had already begun to fall in price before we started, and they continued to fall. When we left the country, two years and four months after, we had to sell for about $10 a head less than cost, figuring in moving expenses. But Roosevelt enjoyed the life, all the time.

Shortly after we got there he told me, looking out over that burned-up country, that he had nothing to live for; all his hopes lay buried in the East. I told him that no man living, with the strength of life in his veins, ought to even allow himself to feel that way. I told him he would get all

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over it in a short time, that his whole feeling would change; and then he wouldn't be content to stay out there and drive cattle. Within two years he got pretty well over it all. He went East quite often. They would send for him. He used to complain to me that the telegraph station was too near—thirty miles away on the railroad at Medora, a small town on the railway line. He was what might be called a youngster in his early twenties, but he was the boss of the ranch and a cattle man through and through. Whatever his part through life, he always played it to perfection.

HE FLATTENS OUT A "BAD MAN"

I REMEMBER a "bad man" he met once in Medora. It was in a public place. The fellow had been drinking and he had heard of Roosevelt, the newcomer to the Bad Lands. Theodore was not a big man—he was only of medium height, weighing about 145 pounds, and he wore glasses. But grit to the heel! The fellow called him a "four-eyed tenderfoot" and tried to take his measure in abusive language. Theodore paid no attention to all this and the tough naturally concluded that he was afraid of him. Suddenly, Roosevelt let out and caught him on the butt of the jaw—and he flattened out. This gained him some reputation.

The only other thing that ever looked like trouble was when the Marquis de Mores, who had come into the country several years before, and acted as though he wanted to own it (he had a strong body of henchmen including some of the worst characters in that section), wrote him an insulting letter, intimating a personal meeting. Roosevelt promptly answered offering to meet him with Winchester rifles at ten paces—he was always a bit near-sighted and he wanted to be sure of his man. The answer was an apology and an invitation to dine with the Marquis. He showed me that letter with the remark, "I want you for my second, Bill, if there's any trouble."

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Medora was a typical frontier town and had its full share of excitement. Theodore saw a good deal of it. Here is one story he tells:

"One curious shooting scrape that took place in Medora was worthy of being chronicled by Bret Harte—I did not see the actual occurrence but I saw both men immediately afterwards; and I heard the shooting, which took place in a saloon on the bank while I was swimming my horse across the river, holding my rifle up so as not to wet it. One of them was a saloon-keeper familiarly called Welshy; the other man, Hay, had been bickering with him for some time. That day, Hay, who had been defeated in a wrestling-match by one of my own boys, and was out of temper, entered the saloon and became abusive. The quarrel grew and suddenly Welshy whipped out a revolver and blazed away at Hay. The latter staggered slightly, shook himself, stretched out his hand, and *gave back to his would-be slayer, the ball,* saying, 'Here, man, here's the bullet.' It had glanced along his breast-bone, gone into the body and come out at the point of the shoulder, when, being spent, it dropped down the sleeve into his hand. Next day the local paper which rejoiced in the title of *The Bad-Lands Cowboy,* chronicled the event in the usual vague way as an 'unfortunate occurrence' between 'two of our most esteemed fellow-citizens' . . . .

A COMIC ROW

"SOMETIMES we had a comic row. There was one huge man from Missouri called 'The Pike' who had been the keeper of a woodyard for steamboats on the Upper Missouri. Like most of his class he was a hard case, and, though pleasant enough when sober, always insisted on fighting when he was drunk. One day, when on a spree, he announced his intention of thrashing the entire population of Medora and began to make his promise good with great vigor and praiseworthy impartiality. He was victorious over the first two or three eminent citizens whom he encountered and then tackled a gentleman known as 'Cold

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Turkey Bill.' Under ordinary circumstances Cold Turkey though an able-bodied man was no match for The Pike, but the latter was still rather drunk, and, moreover, was wearied by his former combats. So Cold Turkey got him down, lay on him, choked him by the throat with one hand and began pounding his face with a triangular rock held in the other. To the onlookers the fate of the battle seemed decided; but Cold Turkey better appreciated the endurance of his adversary, and it soon appeared that he sympathized with the traditional hunter who, having caught a wild-cat, earnestly besought a comrade to help him let it go. While still pounding vigorously he raised an agonized wail: 'Help me off, fellows, for the Lord's sake, he's tiring me out!' There was no resisting so plaintive an appeal, and the bystanders at once abandoned their attitude of neutrality for one of armed intervention. . . .

"The first deadly affray that took place in our town after regular settlement began was between a Scotchman and a Minnesota man, one of the small stockmen. Both had 'shooting' records and each was a man with a varied past. The Scotchman, a noted bully, was the more daring of the two. After a furious quarrel and threats of violence the Scotchman mounted his horse and rifle in hand rode to the door of the mud ranch perched on the brink of the river bluff where the American lived, and was instantly shot down by the latter from behind a corner of the building. Later on I once opened a cowboy ball with the wife of the victor—the husband himself dancing opposite. It was the lanciers and he knew all the steps far better than I did. He could have danced a minuet very well with a little practice. The scene reminded one of the ball where Bret Harte's heroine 'danced down the middle with the man who shot Sandy McGee.'"

He had many and great hunting trips here of which he has told the story in "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." The last fall he went into the Coeur-d'Alene Mountains after white goats, a particularly shy species of game, and about all there was left for him to find. Don and I stayed on the round-up. We gathered up what cattle were fit for market—

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the previous winter had been a terrible one—and took them down to Chicago. When we all got back we figured up and found we were set back $10 a head on the whole investment. So we decided to quit. Roosevelt had always been afraid he'd have to, he didn't want to be beaten, but it was the only really sensible thing to do. We let the balance of the stock go to the Western men on a fifty-fifty basis, and came East.

Ill luck still pursued us. The following winter was the hardest ever known in that region. There were two feet of snow, and cattle died by tens of thousands. I don't believe Theodore Roosevelt ever made a dollar out of his cattle. He told me years afterward, however, that it had brought him to his physical prime. He weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, and was clear bone, muscle and grit. The ranch undoubtedly made his career possible.

PESSIMISTIC AS TO HIS FUTURE

WE were very close then and he talked over about everything with me. His ideas and mine always seemed to run about the same. He asked me what he had better do for a future; whether politics or the law. I told him frankly enough I thought he would make a good lawyer, but that he'd better go into politics because such men as he were needed in politics, but somehow didn't go in. I told him then, if he did and lived, they would want him for President. He laughed at the notion and said, "Bill, that's a great ways ahead."

"But not so far," I persisted, "as some men that have got there. You've got a far better start than most of them. Wealthy and influential friends; you're not poor yourself, you've got education, and a good head; a better start than most politicians these times."

He used to joke me about the Presidency long afterwards. Before he went into the ranch business he wanted to be a naturalist. He had quite a collection even before he was twenty-one years old. He told me the reason he gave it all up was because he became finally convinced that he could be

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of more use to the world. About the time he gave up ranching he was offered the place of Civil Service Commissioner. His friends had already sized him up and wanted him to take it. He told me it was a job with lots of trouble and little pay. "But if I can do some real good I'll go in."

Money never entered into his consideration in anything he ever did in his life. Amusement, health, service, to him—perhaps a fortune to us. He told me, when it was all over, about his early campaign for Mayor of New York City. He said he felt always that he did not stand the slightest show. But his friends were surprised at the strength he developed.

I have known a good many generous men in my life who did not have anything to be generous with. But he was the most generous man I ever knew who had anything. He was generous to everybody. If he saw a man that needed it—through sudden misfortune or from any other cause—his heart and his pocket were open at once. He had the greatest sympathy for the poor and needy. But for the lazy or dishonest he had no use at all. We could agree on that as on most other things. We never, as a matter of fact, had any essential difference about anything. He might have been rich, I feel certain, had he gone after money. It counted only as he wanted enough to use. I never knew a man with such a capacity for finding and holding everything in the world except mere money. His mind was exactly like that fellow's Byron speaks about—I forget where, but I can't forget that line: "Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

I was with him occasionally right along: at Oyster Bay, at the White House. Then there was a period of several years that I didn't see him till he came to Bangor to speak just after he had attained the Presidency. But he always wrote regularly. Friendly letters, a good many in regard to some political policy that I was interested in. I remember one about the time war was declared; he said we were living in the same conditions we should have been in if Buchanan had been President during the Civil War. He was well aware of my own opinion of Buchanan.

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I HAD not read as much as many men, but I have read something about many great men and I consider there has never been a man who was his equal—since the days of our Saviour—if not before. It may be that some good people may think I'm sacrilegious but I don't think that any man ever had so many good qualities, and knew how to use them, as well as he did. He was a fighter, but in this he resembled Peter. Peter was always ready to fight. But he was always ready to live by the Golden Rule. And if the nations had been ready to follow him we should not have had this war, and a good deal that may yet come. There have been many great men in the history of the world, but they have always had some very bad defects—especially the Europeans. Theodore Roosevelt's defects were not great—and such as they were Time will only soften them.

STOWAWAYS

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

WEIRD thoughts,
Illusive stowaways by day,
Sometimes at night
Discover
Rare and unexpected colors
In my soul,
As rain brings out the hue in rocks.
Sometimes on ships of space
They lure me
To a port of unexpressed desires,
Where I, with straining vision, see
The radiance of unconquered peaks.
. . . Always they sink
Into the quicksand of the dawn.

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THE REAL PRINCESS PAT

The War-Awakened Soul of an English Princess

By CLEVELAND GORDON

CARRYING the colors that she had sewed with her own hands her regiment stood in the mud of Flanders—and was decimated. The other day its original survivors came home: they were eight. When the Germans thundered at Ypres, these men, who loved her as fighting men once loved Joan of Arc, blocked the road with their breasts; and the enemy did not pass.

When they told her that her regiment was annihilated, her voice rang with pride. "But they were brave!" Then she wept. The youth of the land had been picked for her regiment, and when she had given them their colors, they had made to her a silent pledge, "We shall never retreat!" Her spirit had been given to the regiment and the regiment's spirit had been given to her. So it was that they swept into battle, vowing never to dishonor their name—which was hers. So it was that she went into battle behind them, a girl bred in the purple, softened with luxury. A nation's pet, she saw that the war had hewn out two roads down which she could go—she chose the hard road. All her rare cleverness, vitality and quality of inspiration she gave unstintingly to the war. While her regiment fought at the front, she fought behind the front because they denied her the firing-line where she willed to be. War-work from morning to night became her life; she, who used to puzzle over the shade of orchids best suited to a dinner gown! From a girl at whose unconventionalities the people smiled, she became a girl they loved. War—that strange sorcerer—had changed her.

Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth of Connaught is her royal name. The world knows her better as "Princess Pat." They knew her as the "Alice Roosevelt of Britain;" she was as unconventional as only a girl of unquestioned position

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dared be. She was of the type of girls about whom her friends worry until they see her "safely married." Time and again it was announced that she was to marry a king, a prince, a duke. The world awaited her nuptials, only invariably to be provoked, for Princess Pat as invariably denied the rumored betrothals. Some of the most eligible in Europe were linked with her name, and then unlinked, with no reason for the break being given. One sensational love-affair followed upon another, and from their ashes smoldered mystery. Why would she not marry? The world wanted her married,—the world ever loves the romances of princesses—of royalties.

And then, after having packed off a few Kings, a Grand Duke or so, and a company of Princes, Princess Pat suddenly decided to wed. Renouncing her royal rights she married not even a lesser title, but an officer of the British Navy, Commander Ramsay. And England and her dominions beamed. "It was just like her." What a romance!

Like America's White House favorite of the Roosevelt days, England's pet princess visited the uttermost parts of the earth. Like the apple of Teddy's eye, the English daughter of the ruling house is decidedly athletic—a golfer and equestrienne, and, like Alice, Princess Pat had a way of using her pen to the high embarrassment of the Seats of the Mighty. Queen Mary found it expedient to suppress a book from the pen of the Princess of Connaught. The late King Edward used to chuckle over the caricatures she so ruthlessly drew. Just as Alice Roosevelt's unconventionality touched a responsive chord in the American crowd; so did Princess Pat endear herself to the mass of Britain. And, likewise, behind the scenes in her own set the whispering women called her a social tyrant.

* * * * *

PRINCESS PAT possesses the popular imagination. The people called her "Our Royal Lady." Because of her extremely popular father, the Duke of Connaught, much of the hauteur that was hers from childhood was forgiven her. In British eyes she was an Anglicized "Gibson girl." Now

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and again, with cause, the phrase "petticoat government" has been applied to English politics. At the Court of St. James, the power of Princess Patricia was great. It welled from deep springs. Not only was the Duke of Connaught beloved, but "Pat" had been favored in the eyes of Queen Victoria and King Edward. Generally, when the Princess Pat wanted something done it was done.

With her golden-brown hair, blue eyes and superb swinging carriage, she had endeared herself as a royal lady in the most remote corners of the Empire. She was ever "different." She traveled farther than any other Princess. She was the first unmarried English princess to have her own lady-in-waiting. She had the freedom to visit foreign courts alone, and there is not a court of any importance in Europe but where she has been entertained.

Before the war her love-affairs were international sensations. One after another the young royalties of Europe came to lay their titles at her quite English feet. She denied the suit of King Alfonso of Spain because of his unsavory ancestry. King Manuel of Portugal she sent his way. She decided that Frederich Wilhelm, the German Crown Prince, was too flirtatious. There came to woo another of the Kaiser's sons, Prince Eitel Fritz, but him she judged too fat and gluttonous. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha went sorrowing off because he was effeminate. Prince Christopher of Greece she thought a poor soldier and would have none of him. Prince Gustavus of Denmark was "nice," but his kinship too close. Prince William of Sweden's love she could not return; he was too thin and lanky. And Grand Duke Michael of Russia, what chance had he—a "brute"? So she married none of them and went to the altar with no one of noble blood; and the British naval officer who won her had a very close race. He almost lost Princess Pat to an English Marquis.

At one of the sumptuous balls given before the war by the Duchess of Westminster in Grosvenor House, the Princess Pat was the guest of honor. Present was Miss Lucy Bigelow Dodge, granddaughter of the former Ameri-

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can Ambassador to Great Britain, and warm friend of Princess Pat. Present, too, was the handsome, debonair and outrageously wealthy Marquis of Anglesea. For months London had gossiped about Princess Pat and "Handsome Charlie," as the Marquis was called. Every dowager mouthed their names; at tea-time they were pleasant gossip. Rumor credited them with love.

At the ball something occurred to make the tongues wag faster. "Handsome Charlie" wearied of waiting for a flunkey to announce in his ear that "the Princess graciously gives you privilege of the next dance," so he boldly walked up to Princess Pat, bowed, smiled and said, "This is our dance, I believe."

And the happy Pat smiled, and said, "It is, and so are the next six if you want them," so the story goes. All of which only a royal lady can do, though very unconventional in commoners.

When the Marquis had finished his seventh dance and escorted the rapturous Princess to a settee, the dukes, duchesses, counts, countesses and flunkies decided that "Handsome Charlie" had won against the King of England! For the Marquis was no favorite in his eyes. A small event changes careers.

If the beautiful Duchess of Westminster had not turned in her chair and told "Handsome Charlie," "I want you to meet a pretty little American," Princess Pat might never have gone to Canada; history might never have heard of that glorious regiment, "The Princess Pats," the war might never have become so great a part of her; might never have spread its changing influence over her.

The "pretty little American" whom "Handsome Charlie" was led away to meet was Lucy Bigelow Dodge. London said that the "American Beauty rose" was named after her. And "Handsome Charlie" forthwith forgot all about Princess Pat! He devoted himself to Miss Lucy. All London, from the King down, knew, of course, that the Marquis of Anglesea was fickle. Had he not paid ardent attentions to numerous beautiful heiresses? It was a blow to Prin-

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cess Pat. The King was bitterly angry. He suggested that the Marquis go abroad indefinitely. "Handsome Charlie" did. Then it was intimated that the English climate was disagreeing with Miss Lucy. Her mother married a second time to the younger son of Baron Wimborne, a brilliant social leader, hastily closed her London house and departed for Canada. Her husband, the Honorable Lionel, said he had several properties in the Dominion which demanded his attention—which was discreet. With Lucy, the "American Beauty," they established themselves in Ottawa where she instantaneously became the belle of Government House society.

Abruptly Earl Grey was recalled as Governor-General. And who was chosen to succeed him? The Connaughts. And who came to unseat Miss Lucy in Ottawa? The Princess Pat. Canada to this day does not know why the Greys were recalled. The coming of the Connaughts was out of a clear sky. London says it all goes back to a fickle Marquis and an angry Princess.

* * * * *

PAT generally had things her own way. Possibly her extreme individuality was developed by the isolation of her early life. From India, where her parents were detained by official duties, Pat and her sister, Princess Margaret, were sent to England. There they lived with their grandmother, Queen Victoria, a Spartan woman who strongly disliked any acknowledgment of illness. One day the Princess Pat was summoned to the venerable sovereign. On her way to the royal presence, ladies-in-waiting met Pat, telling her, with assurance, "The Queen is not ill; only resting." At last Pat came to her grandmother's bedside. A lace shawl was about Victoria's head; she seemed a lovelier old lady than even at any state function, but weak, blanched of face, and ill she was, beyond all doubt. Ignoring her ailment, decided upon soon showing herself in public, Queen Victoria told the little Princess Patricia, as her ladies-in-waiting had done, "I am not ill; only resting." Such examples of royal hardships borne unflinchingly were a potent influence upon the forming of Princess Pat's character.

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The old Queen loved Princess Pat, but she rather disapproved of her granddaughter's boisterous ways. The little girl was full of life and animal spirits. She played cricket like an expert, handling bat and ball with equal facility. She was fearless, and both at Osborne and Balmoral had many narrow escapes. Time and again she tumbled into the lake or fell from a horse. Old Queen Victoria used to say: "I shall have to send for Connaught. Some day they will be bringing little Patricia in to me on a stretcher."

Living with the Queen while her parents were in India was not pleasure unalloyed for Princess Pat. She was constantly getting into trouble, not holding royalty in reverence, and, in her childish way, being quite haughty and more or less of a super-woman herself. She used to run around Queen Victoria's lawn like a wild thing, and, unable longer to bear such hoydenness, her grandmother made her sit down. "Little girls should not run around so." Pat obediently seated herself, crossed her legs and began to rock to and fro.

"Little girls should not cross their legs," severely said the old Queen.

Pat sighed and obeyed. She sat in deep thought for a few moments and finally very gently said, "What do little girls have legs for at all, grandma?" The Queen's answer is not recorded in the court archives.

Embarrassing questions and embarrassing remarks were early characteristic in Princess Pat.

It was while she was living with her grandmother that the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., became her close friend. As a child, she used to treat him as a "jolly good pal," and when she became older as a very dearly loved counsellor. Theirs was a relation which began one day in the royal gardens when the Prince was playing cricket with the children. He was without the pads or gloves necessary to the sport and one of Pat's "shooters" hit him a sharp blow on the leg. Edward, according to the rules of the game, "retired hurt," and the little Princess wept as though her heart would break.

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In her 'teens she developed a gift for drawing caricatures which delighted Edward. There was one she did, of him, the Duke of Fife and Prince Christian, descending the steps of the Marlborough Club with umbrellas firmly grasped. She gave it the title , " Charge of the (not too) Light Brigade," and Edward chuckled. Another she did of him, wearing his first naval uniform and looking very proud. She gave it the caustic title, " Don't I Look Pretty?" and went without reproof. The Princess Patricia knew she could dare what others quailed at. And she showed her conception of herself by drawing herself brandishing a shillelagh and trailing an ultra-fashionable coat in the wind; she named this picture of herself " The Wild Irishman." Be it known, the Princess was born on St. Patrick's Day.

* * * * *

UPON the return of her parents from India, she lived with them in the ancestral home, Bagshot, a serenely beautiful English country mansion, quite near Windsor Castle. Here she was reared simply. As Pat once said, " Mama says that we may forget about royalty, if only we remember that we are ladies." But while in short frocks, she liked to remember that she was a Princess. She unfailingly remembered what was due her as a Princess. She invariably took her place first in entering a carriage with those of lesser rank. There were little episodes, when Pat suffered from attacks of royalty, wherein her governess, the watchful Madame de Morinni, and Queen Victoria, felt called upon to take a hand, lest little Patricia become too haughty. This Madame de Morinni, a really wonderful woman, did much to form and strengthen Patricia's character. The child's parents were called away from England so frequently upon royal business that the governess became a decided factor in Pat's girlhood. Madame de Morinni would stop at nothing where she thought Pat's interests were involved. Her careful forethought and wise judgment, while not replacing a mother's care, could, however, scarcely be excelled. On the occasion of Pat's first presentation in the royal drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, the Princess saw the wishes of the

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Queen defied. In the morning, Pat had had to pose for the royal photographers; then came the excitement of waiting for the ceremony, and the presentation itself, through which she was obliged to stand. The strain, the long hours on her feet, was too much for little Princess Pat. She became quite pale from the ordeal and Madame de Morinni was quick to detect it. A royal dinner and the opera were next on the program, but, calmly vetoing the Queen's plans, Madame de Morinni swept up Princess Pat and drove her off to Bagshot and quiet. This early defiance of the Queen unquestionably made a deep impression upon Pat in those formative years.

Upon the permanent return to England of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Pat went to live with them in Clarence House, the London home of the family. Here she had her own studio, where the early gift for caricatures developed into the art of painting. Here, too, in the seclusion of that studio, she kept a day book, the pages covered with sketches, poems, bits of writing that came to her each day. It was said that she had a gift for writing, but nothing from her pen was ever made public.

The closest she came to it was in 1913, when she completed a book dealing with her experiences in Canada and in the United States. It seems that Pat, in an unguarded moment, loaned the manuscript to a friend, who in turn showed it to the Countess of Fortescue. Now that good lady must have gasped, and said, "Oh," for she promptly turned over Pat's manuscript to Queen Mary. The contents irritated her royal aunt indescribably and, try as she would, Patricia was unable to recover possession of her manuscript. Queen Mary decided that it should be destroyed. Can you imagine what was in it?

A few years at Clarence House and the Duke of Connaught took his family to Italy, where in Florence, during the period of his foreign service, he rented a villa. In Italian environment, and feeling the depth of the land, Princess Pat bloomed. She ceased to paint pictures of pretty flowers, and her work—and her nature—took on a deeper and richer note. That residence in Italy began for her a period of world-

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junketing. As Inspector-General of the Army, the Duke of Connaught visited Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, Egypt, Malta, indeed, all those possessions upon which the "sun never sets." There were no trips on luxurious steamers, but generally aboard men-of-war, not fleet enough to "run before the storm" or race from blinding tropical sunshine. And there were weeks on shore in remote lands, with no means of transportation save the laggard native ones, with pests of insects, and not infrequently wild beasts.

* * * * *

FIVE times Princess Pat went to Africa; once with her father to open the first Parliament at Cape Town. She made long treks over Africa, over vast plains and towering mountains. In a primitive cart drawn by natives she made pilgrimages to the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, isolated on its rocky prominence. With her father she shot big game in the East African jungles, really shot it—and brought home the skins of the chase. She trekked inland, into the very black heart of Africa, to the Falls of the Zambesi, and drank of their waters, which the natives believe to be good luck. She *lived*.

There began to grow about her, too, that atmosphere of romance which rouses all the sentiment in English breasts. The only Princess in Great Britain who was really pretty, clever and witty, as well as young, a healthy, charming English girl with far more than their usual amount of brains, a most unroyal sense of humor and a leaning for the unconventional, she made a popular appeal. Not without reason did the people call her "Our Royal Lady." Quite unlike her cousin, the somewhat stodgy Ena of Battenberg, she who came to be Queen of Spain; equally unlike the daughters of the Duchess of Fife, thin, shy, delicate creatures, Princess Pat gloriously went her way. For a long time all romantic England sympathized with her for her love-affair with the Marquis of Anglesea. Her fame and magnetism spread far. When King Alfonso of Spain came to London to woo her, he carried in his bosom her photograph. He came, too, advancing reasons of state along with his suit, and, when Princess Pat heard of this she appealed to the "dear old pal" of

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her childhood, to King Edward. She asked that she be not urged to marry against her will. Her friends had gone so far as to plan her wedding. One of them asked Pat in what language she had spoken to Alfonso.

"I did not speak to him at all," laughed Pat.

There came to her at the time another Princess who said to Pat: "If you don't want Alfonso, why don't you let me have a look in?"

Again and again it was emblazoned in the press of the world that she was to be married. Once she had to cancel a visit to Lisbon because she had been warned that the populace had planned a great demonstration to acclaim her as "Portugal's next Queen."

The press has ever been a source of vexation to Pat. After her visit to New York she fell in love with the city and wrote a friend in England that she would like to have remained in New York for several months but that the "reporters made it impossible." Suitor after suitor was brought before her; for she worried the court. It is only judged safe for those who are not pretty to remain single. Also, Pat's unmarrying moods were puzzling, too, for visiting Princes in search of brides would see Princess Pat, fail to win her and depart dissatisfied, England's less fair daughters not appealing to them. "If Pat will only marry," the other Princesses used to say, "then we shall have a chance."

There were ever rumors and whisperings of love-affairs. Always in answer came her mysterious smile and her provoking "Not yet." It began to be said, while she lived in the Government House at Ottawa, that only a throne that was mighty would satisfy Princess Pat. . . .

* * * * *

AND then the war! Pat was cast spellbound in its magic, with those millions of women whose emotions were swept by its hot blast, her very soul was changed. There came that day when the "Princess Pats" mobilized, that regiment which, in the idle days of peace, the Princess had caused her father to have named for her. Then it had been a whim.

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Now, with the lust for Empire loosened in the world, that regiment became to her as something sacred. Monsters of the sky were blowing death upon the London she loved. In the mud of Flanders her Englishmen were taking the cold steel. Her soul was shaken. She fashioned a flag for her "Princess Pats." She bade them farewell, and gave her colors to them. They sailed away, her spirit with them. Early in 1915 they swept into a hideous battle at Ypres. Her flag was carried into that battle and was not lowered.

The end of the war brought the "Princess Pats" to England. There, at Bramshott, she, as "Colonel-in-Chief" inspected them. Above the massed ranks of men fluttered her flag—the only flag carried into action by British troops during the entire war. Upon the standard, Princess Pat placed a laurel wreath in bronze, inscribed: "To the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, from the Colonel-in-Chief, in recognition of their heroic service in the Great War of 1914-18."

The Princess Pat who liked speech that was caustic, who liked to shock the conventional, who played with hauteur, had become a tireless, feverish worker for victory. And when peace came, she married a sailor! He was a son of the Earl of Dalhousie, who had been attached to her father's staff at Ottawa. To marry him Pat had to renounce her title of Princess—but she gained a husband—a man of red blood, one who had fought so valorously in the Dardanelles as to be decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

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IS PROHIBITION CONSTITUTIONAL?

Can the XVIIIth Amendment Be Legally Enforced?

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TO understand clearly the objections which have been raised against the constitutionality of the Federal Prohibition Amendment, it is necessary first to know something more than the average man knows about the Constitution.

The Constitution was created by eleven of the thirteen original States, and subscribed to by each one separately for the purpose of unifying their interests and binding them in common governmental partnership. It was designed to give all an equal share in its protection and to bind all equally by its terms, irrespective of size, location or influence.

Every State that has come into the Union has definitely adopted the Constitution as existing at the date of its admission.

In order to amend the Constitution it must be changed in the same manner that it is adopted, viz., by individual action on the part of each State. This action can be taken in one of two ways, by a constitutional convention or by vote of its legislature, as Congress directs.

The States are included in the Constitution, ruled by it, and aided by it, as States. The people of the State receive the benefits of the Constitution and submit to its laws as members of an entity—the State. They do not voice their opinion on constitutional matters as they do in State or county or municipal matters, by placing a ballot in the box on election day. They voice it through the legislators whom they elect to act for them in all matters where the State speaks as a State.

Of course, it is impossible that all States can ever agree

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upon any one measure, just as it is impossible for all individuals to agree upon any one proposition, so in amending the Federal Constitution the democratic rule of the majority obtains, as it does in every political question in the United States. It was agreed by the States that when three-fourths of them vote to make a change in the Constitution, it shall be effected and the entire Union shall be bound by the change, including States which perhaps did not wish the change; and of course, by all which join the Union after its adoption.

Article V of the Constitution provides for making such changes as become necessary for the country to adjust itself to meet the ever-changing order of things brought about by modern conditions. It states:

"The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress."

Once an amendment has been favorably voted upon by three-fourths of the States, it becomes part of the Constitution and, therefore, binding on all the States, whether they voted for it or not. There can be no question of a Constitutional amendment being thrust upon one part of the country by another, for every State when it joined the Union subscribed to the Constitution, and to its three-fourths rule respecting amendments. It is wide of the mark, therefore, for New Jersey, for instance, to say that the Western and Southern States thrust prohibition upon it. When it subscribed to the Constitution, it agreed to be governed in the matter of amendments by the vote of three-fourths of the States.

The Prohibition Amendment was adopted in the same manner as every other amendment and is, therefore, as much a part of the Constitution as any other amendment. It was

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constitutionally proposed by Congress, constitutionally passed by Congress, and constitutionally adopted by three-fourths of the State Legislatures and then constitutionally proclaimed.

LEGALITY OF THE AMENDMENT

BEFORE we pass on to the particular features of the 18th Amendment that have been the subject of attack, it will be well to consider the initial legal objection which was raised by its enemies.

Article V states that "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution." The "wets" contended that as the resolution was adopted by two-thirds of the members of Congress present and voting, and not by two-thirds of the entire membership of each branch of Congress it was therefore not passed in conformity with Article V.

The Supreme Court gave a staggering blow to wet hopes in this direction when it sustained the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act, forbidding the shipment of liquor into wet territory. This act was attacked on the same ground, viz.: that it had been passed by two-thirds of a quorum present.

Chief Justice White in disposing of the contention said that from the beginning of the government the rule had prevailed that a quorum of the Senate and House constitutes those bodies and can transact any business. He further recalled the fact that in 1861 the Senate determined by a vote of 33 to 1 that two-thirds of a quorum only is essential to submit an amendment to the Constitution. In his opinion he stated that it was the first time the Supreme Court had passed upon the point when raised, which involved the passing of a bill over the President's veto (as the Webb-Kenyon Bill was passed) as well as the rule of two-thirds of a quorum.

The liquor interests are directing their attack upon the constitutionality of the Amendment from many different angles. Their biggest guns are now engaged in the refer-

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endum fight, by which they claim they can prove that in certain States having a referendum the people have the right by this referendum to review the legislative act which adopted the ratification resolution.

REFERENDUM CANNOT LEGALLY BE INVOKED

THIS will fail for several reasons; but mainly because the ratification of a Federal Amendment is *not* an act involving legislative power subject to a referendum.

The Federal Constitution fixes the method for ratifying amendments. It allows Congress to determine whether a Convention or the Legislature shall ratify. Congress in this case chose the Legislature as the body to act. That was conclusive. This is settled in principle by the United States Supreme Court in a case where the authority of the Legislature was in question relating to Presidential electors. The Court said:

"This power is conferred upon the Legislatures of the States by the Constitution of the United States, and can not be taken from them or modified by their state constitutions any more than can their power to elect senators of the United States." McPherson *v.* Blacker, 146 U. S., page 1.

The referendum plan is going to be a costly and ineffectual bit of back-fire, as has already been proved in Oregon, where the Attorney General has handed down an opinion that it cannot be invoked by the people of the State with reference to the ratification resolution, as under the law of Oregon bills and acts, but not resolutions, may be referred to the people. The officers of the State of Washington have also rejected the petition for a referendum on the 18th Amendment.

The Superior Court in California dismissed an injunction suit which aimed to require State officials to withhold certifying the action of the Legislature on the 18th Amendment until a Referendum could be consummated. The court held that the Federal law and Constitution controlled and State officers should act accordingly. In other words the court decided that a referendum was unauthorized.

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It may be that the moment for still further democratizing our Government and Constitution will yet find expression in provisions for amending the Federal Constitution by direct popular vote. Many people want that result; many others fear and oppose it, but it is not here yet. And until our Constitution is amended so as to provide for it we shall have to follow and abide by the method of amendment which that instrument itself provides.

No individual State has the power to amend the Federal Constitution by itself, even in the matter of telling how it will act on a constitutional amendment. It must do so in the manner provided in the Federal Constitution.

Section 2 of the 18th Amendment says that Congress and other States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

This section is causing the defenders of the liquor traffic undue concern, and giving them false hope. They err in claiming that this section requires concurrent legislation before prohibition can be enforced. Section 2 gives concurrent power to the States and Federal Government to enforce prohibition. If either should fail to use the power conferred it would not prevent the other division of Government from using it. It simply means that Congress has power to enact a Federal Prohibition Enforcement Law to apply to the whole nation, and that the States have power to enact prohibition enforcement laws to apply within their own borders. The Federal authorities will enforce provisions of the Federal law, and State authorities will see to it that the State laws are enforced.

This concurrent power will accomplish "a frank and candid co-operation for the general good." It is not a new doctrine in legislation. Instead of passing a separate act of Congress giving the States jurisdiction in the enforcement of the law, this was embodied in the Amendment itself, thus defining and settling the matter once for all, and not leaving it in danger of cropping up constantly before Congress.

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IS PROHIBITION A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT?

CERTAIN critics fear this is a dangerous precedent, and say that it may be used to secure similar provisions relating to other commodities. They do not take into consideration the one vital fact in the case, namely, *liquor is in a class by itself*. The courts have repeatedly said so. There is no analogy in law to the treatment of the liquor traffic. As the court said in State Ex. Rel. *v.* Judges, 50 N. J. L., page 595:

> "The sale of intoxicating liquors has from the earliest history of our state been dealt with by the Legislature IN AN EXCEPTIONAL WAY. It is a subject by itself, to the treatment of which all analogies of the law appropriate to other topics cannot be applied."

Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court settled this question conclusively in his opinion on the Webb-Kenyon case when he said:

> "The exceptional nature of the subject here regulated is the basis upon which the exceptional power exerted must rest and affords no ground for any fear that such power may constitutionally extend to the things which it may not consistently with the guarantees of the Constitution embrace."

When the liquor interests talk of their rights they forget, as the Supreme Court said, that one's right cannot fortify his wrongs. The liquor traffic has been tolerated by sufferance for years. It was not as an invited guest, but more in the position of a trespasser. It is the people's right to protect themselves against a menace which the courts recognize and will always recognize.

CONSTITUTION SHOULD BE LIBERALLY CONSTRUED

THERE are two limitations to the 18th Amendment which are not found in other constitutional amendments and which the wets have hoped would serve as loopholes for their attacks on its constitutionality.

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The first states that the amendment must be ratified within seven years from the date of its submission by Congress to the States.

The fact that within thirteen months from the date of the final passage of the resolution by Congress thirty-six States had ratified should dispose of the question. If, however, Congress had no power to limit the time of ratification, the section is surplusage, and cannot invalidate the amendment. On the other hand, if Congress acted within its power the section is valid and no question can be raised, especially now that forty-five States have ratified.

Section 1 of the amendment provides that one year after ratification of the article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors is prohibited. It has been questioned again if Congress had the power to set this limitation of one year, as the Constitution reads, "Amendments to this Constitution . . . shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the states." There is a difference between a law being valid and operative. The wording of the Constitution does not require an amendment to become operative immediately when it has been ratified by the legislatures of the several States as provided by the Constitution.

The Constitution is not to be construed in narrow technical terms. It is an instrument intended to carry out the great principles of government, to help and not hinder the people. "Narrow and technical reasoning," said Judge Cooley, "is misplaced when it is brought to bear upon an instrument framed by the people themselves for themselves and desired as a chart upon which every man, learned or unlearned, may be able to trace the leading principles of government. The Constitution was intended for the benefit of the people, and must receive a liberal construction, like a common-law instrument or statute. It is to be interpreted so as to carry out the general principles of government, not to defeat them."

The people living in that 90 per cent of the area of the country which at present has State-wide prohibition, and

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those living in wet areas who regard the abolition of the liquor traffic as another victory over autocracy, as a sign of a real world awakening, need have no fear as to the constitutionality of the 18th Amendment. It is as valid as the Constitution itself!

PLAYING THE GAME OF DEMOCRACY FAIR

THE Rhode Island Legislature adopted a resolution directing the Attorney General of the State to bring an action to decide the validity of the 18th Amendment. The action is based on the theory that the Federal Amendment cannot take away from the States their reserve police power to deal with the liquor traffic.

Article X of the Constitution provides:

> "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

The opponents of prohibition fail to recognize the power, granted in Article V, to amend the Constitution when two-thirds of Congress submits the Amendment and three-fourths of the States ratifies. There is no limitation on this power to amend, except that the equal representation of the States in the United States Senate cannot be changed without unanimous consent. This question was presented to the United States District Court at Cincinnati, in a case in which the undersigned participated as counsel. Judge Hollister in deciding this point said:

> "Granting to the claim all that may be argued for it, it must be said that the members of the Senate and the members of the House are representatives of the States and the representatives of the people, respectively, to whom is given the power to propose amendments to the Constitution which become such only when the representatives of the people in three-fourths of the States concur. Reserve powers are so called because they have never been surrendered. When the requisite number of

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States concur, the people surrender to the United States additional power. * * * *

"So when surrender is made by the people in the way provided, the amendment is by the people in whom lay the power to make their Constitution and in whom lies the power to change it and add to it for the public welfare, if they consider the subject to involve the public welfare."

Fifteen-sixteenths of the States of the Union decided that it was for the public welfare to adopt the 18th Amendment as our national policy of government. By large majorities they released their reserve power to the extent of authorizing the Federal Government to prohibit the liquor traffic. It remains now for the one-sixteenth of the States of the Union to abide by the will of the other fifteen-sixteenths. This is the only way to play the game of democracy fair.

CONGRESS' RIGHT TO ENACT WAR PROHIBITION

CONGRESS on August 10, 1917, prohibited the use of food material in the manufacture of distilled spirits for beverage purposes.

In November, 1918, Congress prohibited the use of food material in the manufacture of beer, wine and other intoxicating malt or vinous liquors and further provided that "no beer, wine, or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquor should be used after June 30, 1919, until the termination of demobilization."

The brewers claim that this wording of the law does not include beer which contains two and three-fourths per cent alcohol by weight or three and three-tenths per cent alcohol by volume. Similar language in statutes, Federal and State, has been construed to prohibit all kinds of beer and wine without reference to the amount of alcohol in such liquor. This was decided by the Federal Court in the case of the United States *v.* Cohn and by the State Supreme Court of Ohio in the case of State *v.* Walder, 83, O. S. The attitude of Congress in the adoption of prohibition measures makes

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clear their manifest intent to include beer and wine within the prohibition. The Congressional Records show that every vote in Congress on amendments or original bills indicate that Congress never excepted beer and wine from any prohibition measure.

Article I, section 8, of the Constitution among other things provides: "The Congress shall have power to raise and support the Army and maintain the Navy; and to provide for the common defense and general welfare." Congress under this article of the Constitution is authorized to support the Army and Navy and to enact any law having a reasonable relation to that end. When Congress is given power over a subject matter it may adopt not only the necessary but the convenient means to exercise its power. This principle was established by the Supreme Court in the Purity Extract Company *v.* Lynch, 226, U. S. 192, and many other cases.

The power of Congress is not limited to furnishing uniforms, food and firearms, but it has an equal obligation to provide transportation, shelter and the best possible environment in training camps and the establishment of policies of government that will give adequate support to the Army from field, factory and farm. The proper support of that Army also includes the development of a great national spirit of patriotism that keeps the soldier at his best. General Pershing, Commander in Chief of our Armies in France, said: "From the military point of view, we cannot tolerate alcohol among our soldiers. War is merciless; men must be competent; the drinking man makes a bad soldier. No matter how much old Germany may believe in feeding up her men on alcohol in order to screw up their fighting courage to the sticking point, the Army must not stand alcohol because it must conserve its man power."

At the public hearing of the War Prohibition Bill before the Senate Committee, evidence was submitted by the Secretary of the Navy to show that the productive power of labor in shipyards located in dry territory was the greatest. Evidence was accumulated from the managers of the shipyards, from coal operators and other sources to prove that intoxicat-

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ing liquor injured not only the soldiers but the body of citizens in civil life who must support the soldiers at the front. Congress was convinced that there was a reasonable relation between the supporting of the Army and Navy and the prohibition of the beverage liquor-traffic. It was also pointed out that the Supreme Court had held in one of the war cases years ago that "in certain emergencies government must have at its command not only the personal services, the bodies and lives of its citizens, but the lesser though not the less essential power of absolute control over the resources of the country."

Senator Knox during the debate on one of the war measures said: "The war powers of the Constitution * * * are dormant until the status of war is declared by Congress and then they may be exercised without limitation or qualification to the extent that safety demands."

The question has also been raised as to whether or not Congress could extend this power to cover the period of demobilization. If Congress has power to enact this law in order to support the Army and Navy, that power continues until that Army is back in civil life.

Congress cannot escape this responsibility to support the Army simply because a Peace Treaty has been signed. It must support that Army until it has been demobilized, and the same reasons that apply in the time of actual war hold good also during the period of demobilization.

"WETS" HAVE NO INHERENT RIGHTS

THERE are two fundamental principles of government which sustain all prohibition acts. The first is: The people have an inherent right to better their conditions in any suit of government, small or large, when they proceed in a legal and orderly manner. Second, the liquor traffic is recognized as an evil and no recognized evil has an inherent right to exist in a civilized government. The Supreme Court of the United States said, 137 U. S., 86: "The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery

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attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these liquor shops than to any other source." The Court closed its decision with these words: "There is no inherent right in a citizen of a state or of the United States to sell intoxicating liquor."

The friends of prohibition patiently told the truth about the liquor traffic until an overwhelming majority of the voters were convinced of the merits of prohibition. They proceeded in a legal and orderly manner to adopt it as a policy of government. The liquor traffic, by court decree, has no inherent right to exist anywhere in the United States.

The 18th Amendment and the prohibition laws are based upon sound principles of government and the friends of prohibition believe that the statement of Justice Grier in deciding the license cases 5-How 632, more than 50 years ago, will prove true. In these cases the eminent and farseeing Justice of the Supreme Court prophesied that even if we should lose the revenue from the liquor traffic the government "would be the gainer a thousandfold in the health, wealth and happiness of her people."

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WHY COAL AND OIL CONSERVATION

By EDWARD G. ACHESON, Sc.D.

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DURING the last days of the administration of President Roosevelt, the governors of the States were called together to consider the conservation of the country's natural resources. The resources were considered under four heads—Land, Forests, Minerals and Water—each of them being vital to the welfare of the country and taken together constituting the vitals of the nation. Each of these four great divisions may and are subdivided into many sub-classes, and in the final analysis it will be found the vitality of the nation may depend on one or more of these sub-classes.

I think it can be truthfully claimed no other country on earth is so bountifully supplied with the natural resources that go to make a nation great, as these United States of America. We are, in fact, the most favored of all people. It has been the development and exploitation of our natural resources that has put us in the front row of the nations of the earth. If our present prosperity is due to our natural resources, will not in like manner our future position amongst the nations depend upon the manner in which we use and conserve these resources?

At the time of the convention of governors called by President Roosevelt, it was considered that our great natural resources—Petroleum, Coal and Iron—at the rate at which they were being used would be exhausted in one-half, one and two centuries respectively. These were startling figures. A half century is within the span of a man's lifetime, while one and two centuries fall within the lives of three generations, and it is to be expected that long before total exhaustion of a resource its use will be much curtailed, or to keep up the sup-

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ply, we as a nation will be compelled to become importers instead of exporters.

EXHAUSTING NATURE'S PRODUCTS

SINCE this convention of governors, I have had occasion to devote some study to the consumption and remaining stock of petroleum and coal, these being two of the subclasses under the natural resource minerals as contained in the governors' schedule, and I have found the following interesting and not always reassuring facts.

The first petroleum production in the United States occurred when I was a child of three years, and during the first year of business the total production amounted to 2,000 barrels. During the year 1917 the production of petroleum in the United States amounted to not less than 341,800,000 barrels, and this was not sufficient to supply the urgent demands. The oil industry saw catastrophe before it, and strenuous efforts were made to increase the supply by putting down more wells and exploring for new productive fields with the result that in 1918 the production was boosted up to 345,500,000 barrels, thus showing a net increase of 3,700,000 barrels over 1917, while at the same time the astounding fact developed that the consumption covering the domestic use and that exported was 55,000,000 barrels in excess of our production, the shortage being made up by importing oil from Mexico, and drawing from reserve stocks, and we are told the total amount of these reserve stocks in the United States does not now amount to more than three months' supply for the country. A rather gloomy writing is appearing on the walls of the petroleum industry.

When my father was a child of two years of age, there was a great and profound departure made in the matter of fuel with which to warm the people's homes. A hard stone-like substance had been found in Pennsylvania and it was discovered that it would burn and produce heat. The name anthracite coal was given to this new material, and there was mined during that year—1820—as much as 365 tons of these

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black stones. During the year 1912 the amount of this material mined and consumed was no less than 91,524,000 tons. I have not at hand figures for the later years, but it is safe to say it has gone up by leaps and bounds. Turning to the world's old stand-by, bituminous coal, I find in the reports of the United States Geological Survey for the year 1895, that the amount mined during that year was 124,627,000 tons, while in the report of 1913 the amount of bituminous coal mined in the United States was 478,523,000 tons, and during the year 1917 the amount went over the 500,000,000 ton mark.

The United States Geological Survey recently issued a very voluminous report on our natural resources, and in this I find it stated that while the amount of coal remaining in the ground would last some hundreds of years, coal of good quality would be exhausted in fifty years, or a man's lifetime. Here again we may see the handwriting on the wall.

OUR VAST WATER POWERS

AND still I am not a pessimist; far be it from me. I admit that if we judge solely by appearances the prospects do not look very bright and rosy for our children. Owing to the great importance of petroleum and coal to an industrial people, the figures I have given would cause one to conclude it was only a matter of time until this great industrial, powerful nation which we are all so proud and grateful to be a citizen of, would pass into the group of has-beens. But wait a moment; that is not to be. Let us take stock of our other natural resources and see if we cannot find a means of keeping the wheels of industry running. Let us call upon the scientific attainments of the world to help us out.

In 1831 Michael Faraday, an Englishman, successor of Sir Humphry Davy, and one of the world's greatest investigators, discovered the law under which electricity could be created. Later on Pachinotti, a professor in the University of Pisa, Italy, invented a machine by which the law discovered by Faraday was put to active work. As the result of

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further development of this machine of Professor Pachinotti we now have the dynamo, a machine by which electric currents of vast power may be and are created. To go into a little detail I might explain that the underlying principle of the dynamo is the rapid, continuous change in the relative positions of a lot of wires of copper and invisible magnetic lines of force. The existence of these lines of force was discovered by Faraday during his researches in 1831. This rapid whirling of the copper wires across the magnetic lines of force may be produced by a steam engine, water power or any other means of producing mechanical work.

We have now progressed to the point of having the means of producing great electric current by utilizing water power. Now what will these electric currents do in the way of helping us out on the coal question? It has been found by long-protracted, patient research that by properly using these currents in ways carefully devised it is possible to do everything we have been able to accomplish by burning up our coal and wood. Do you say that is a startling statement? Perhaps that is true, but nevertheless it is a fact. All we have to do is to develop our vast water powers, convert this power into electricity, use this electricity to produce our required light and heat, run the machinery of our factories, run our railroads and do all the thousand and one things we are now doing with steam power, produced by burning up our coal. There is no sound reason why we should lose our industrial prestige as the result of the exhaustion of our coal resources, or in any case these coal resources can and should be conserved and their life extended into the far distant centuries by the early development and utilization of our vast, inexhaustible water resources.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LUBRICATING OILS

NOW how about this petroleum exhaustion? From petroleum we obtain our gasoline, kerosene, fuel oils, lubricating oils, paraffine, waxes, petroleum coke and other products considered necessary to our present way of living, but in

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this list of products there is, I think, only one that is, in fact, absolutely essential to our present life, and this is lubricating oil. We could substitute alcohol for gasoline, and this could be produced as an annual product from growing plants. We can use electric light supplemented, if necessary, with tallow dips for kerosene. As long as we have coal we can use it instead of fuel oil and so on through the list with the exception of lubricating oil, and that we must have to permit of the operation of our machinery, railroads, steamships, and so forth. We do not hear very much said about lubrication. Not long ago the country went through the experience of gasless Sundays, and the impression went abroad that gasoline was, perhaps, next to munitions, the most voluminous and valuable product we supplied to the Allies, but I find it stated in the July, 1918, issue of the house organ of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey that in 1917 the United States supplied to the Allies 300,000,000 gallons of gasoline, while during the same period they were supplied with 400,000,000 gallons of lubricating oil.

I am advised that approximately one-tenth of the petroleum produced in the United States distills off and refines into lubricating oil, and that being the case the 345,500,000 barrels of petroleum produced in 1918 would give the country 34,550,000 barrels of lubricating oil, a quantity in excess of any other liquid excepting water.

The importance of oil to the civilized world can best be grasped when we consider that the clothing we wear, all the articles on our person, the houses we live in and practically every article in the houses would not exist as we now have them were it not for lubrication.

Picture to yourself our great cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and others, with their radiating lines of railroads which might be likened to a spider's web, and with long trains of freight running on these radiating lines to these congested centers. What are these freight trains loaded with? With supplies for the populations of these great cities. Under each car there are not less than eight bearings which have to be continually lubricated, and their aggregate runs

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into hundreds of thousands. Think for a moment what would occur to these great cities should the world run short of lubricating oil. Efficient lubrication is one of the controlling factors making possible the existence of our great cities.

The United States in the year 1917 produced 66 per cent of the petroleum of the world. This being the case, it must have produced more than 66 per cent of the lubricating oil, for much of the petroleum found in foreign countries is of a very heavy, thick character and is used more for fuel. Undoubtedly many other deposits of petroleum will be found in the world, but nevertheless our best advised authorities agree that so few as 16 years may see the practical exhaustion of the United States' petroleum, and, further, they do not look forward to any foreign country surpassing in productivity that of the United States.

These facts and prediction make a rather depressing picture but, as in the case of coal, we have every reason to cheer up, for once again scientific research comes to the rescue. There has recently been discovered a method of lubrication which permits of reducing the consumption of oil to less than one-half that being used under the old methods. It is quite within the bounds of reason to believe that when our petroleum lubricating oils are finally and for all time exhausted the world will still move along by the use of vegetable oil, such as cotton seed oil, which will be produced annually, this oil being used under the recently discovered method; or it is just possible chemistry will come to the rescue with a recipe for making petroleum lubricating oil from carbon and hydrogen, which will always be obtainable; or we may so perfect the methods of extracting oil from shale as to make it meet the requirements.

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WHAT IS A PROLETARIAN?

BY LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

"SMITHKINS," I asked of a fellow commuter in the smoker, "what is a proletarian?"

"Eh? Proletarian?" Smithkins seemed startled. I nodded to assure him that he had heard me aright.

"Why, it's a sort of little germ thing. Hang it all, old man, I can't describe it. I'm not at all up in biology."

"Biology!" snorted Atkins, in disgust.

Atkins was sitting opposite us. He's quite a brainy chap, probably the brainiest in our community, reads the Congressional Record and all of that highbrow stuff.

"Biology!" repeated Atkins, in a sarcastic crescendo. "Biology has to do with life, from its lowest form. The proletarian is a class of humans—the lowest class."

"I stand corrected," abjectly responded Smithkins, slipping me a wink, "it was absurd of me to put life and humanity in the same class."

Atkins sought, volubly, to explain, but we had reached our station and were piling out of the train. I was disappointed for I was really interested in learning more of the proletariat. I had been told scores of times that, not being a capitalist, that is, a man with heaps of money, and not being a worker—merely a writer—I was, therefore, in the middle class, or "Bourgeoisie."

When I told my wife that we were "Bourgeoisie," she seemed offended. "I know nothing of *your* antecedents," she said, crisply, "but all *my* people were New Englanders."

At our Men's Club, which met in the church hall that night, I asked Beeborn about it. I felt that surely he must know all about every disquieting influence, since he, single-handed, had done more to disrupt our little church affairs than the Bolsheviks had done to disrupt Russia. In private

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life he's in chicle or beeswax, or some such commodity in town, but he is so seldom in private life.

"Proletariat?" he repeated, and glanced uneasily about the room, scanning every face. "Really, I hope we are not getting any in our little club here."

"But why?"

He looked at me in scorn. He is quite set in his ways and I might say almost single minded. When we left it with him to arrange a lively debate on the question: "Resolved, That a League of Nations Should Be Effected," he went right ahead and secured a corking talker for the affirmative, but refused to allow anyone to speak in the negative, since he did not believe in that side of the question.

"Why?" I knew that he pitied me from the way he looked at me as he spoke. "Why *should* we?"

WHEN A CAPITALIST IS GOOD

NATURALLY I could not answer that, so drifted out to the smoking-room and talked about the high price of garden seed with a returned soldier who had won two decorations for killing several groups of boches but who couldn't, for the life of him, stop the deadly advance of his neighbors' hens in his new garden.

Going in on the train next morning Smithkins asked me why I was so interested in the proletariat. I am sure I cannot understand how he knew that I was interested, for I did not mention the subject more than a few times during our twenty-minute ride.

I am afraid that I used a rather superior air as I told him that I was always deeply interested in anything that I did not know about, or understand.

"I didn't know you had time for so many interests," he remarked. Possibly that was his idea of wit.

"I want to write an article about the proletariat," I explained.

"Cinch!" exclaimed Smithkins, "drop over at my office at one o'clock today. We'll go to lunch together. In the

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square you will always find at least one orator telling the crowd all about such things."

That was how it happened that I was foremost amongst a rather unselected crowd gathered about an orator in the square. From his appearance I thought he was a Bolshevik, but he told us that he was not. "I belong to the New Era," he announced. This was disquieting. From his appearance I could see that when his New Era had finally spread all over the country there would be no more soap-boxes for orators to stand on, no barbers, no clean haberdashery.

"The bourgeoisie are as bad as the capitalists," he shouted.

"But not as good on a thirty-day note," shouted someone in the crowd.

"My friend is right, the only difference between the bourgeoisie and the capitalists is a little matter of vulgar wealth. If the bourgeoisie could get hold of plenty of money they, too, would become capitalists!"

To me this seemed sound logic. In a moment I was sure that I was of the bourgeoisie. Before that I was rather uncertain about it, but the orator had sounded a great truth, one that I unblushingly confess to be true so far as I am concerned. I certainly would have been a capitalist long ago but for that one trifling detail—lack of capital.

THE CARELESS PROLETARIAN

"PITY the poor proletariat!" The long-haired, un-tonsored, un-washed disciple of the New Era howled this warning and hurled it into our faces. "Pity them," he repeated. "I am speaking directly to you—every one of you, for you are all of the proletariat, here before me. The New Era is dawning when we shall have our rights, we shall rule the world, we shall no longer be mangled beneath the solid rubber tires of this country's capitalistic juggernaut."

The New Eraist thrilled me. I did not covet his clothes nor his face nor his porcine figure, but his vocabulary was a wonder. I listened to him until a street fakir a few yards away attracted the entire crowd by demonstrating a combi-

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nation safety-razor, potato-peeler, can-opener, cigarette-roller and coupon-clipper. Seeing his beloved proletariat desert him to gaze upon an accursed coupon-clipper, the New Era orator stepped down from his soap-box, kicked it in the gutter and strode angrily away, as far as the corner, where he slipped into the back room of Max's place, eased himself into a chair and gave a stentorian command to the man in the white coat.

Smithkins had been with me all this time. He looked blankly at me, more blankly, if possible, than ordinary.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I thought these soap-box ginks would explain all about the proletariat to you. As near as I could make out from what he said, a proletarian is a careless boob who is always getting run over by one of them big trucks."

"Where did you get such an idea as that?" I demanded.

"Why didn't you listen?" peevishly demanded Smithkins, "that greasy, long-haired freak explained clearly about these careless chaps who are crushed under the big solid rubber tires of some big truck—some long name, I didn't catch it. Perhaps he was advertising that make of truck——"

Smithkins didn't like the way I laughed. He said as much. I told him that it was the only way I knew how to laugh, but that did not seem to satisfy him. That was some time ago. Since then I have listened to other speakers and have learned that the proletarians are "sleeping giants"—he was probably rooting for the Cubs—"dumb cattle," "hapless slaves," "downtrodden humans" and ever so many other things. It is difficult to remember them all. But somehow I could not learn, from any of this, sufficient data to enable me to spot one of the proletariat in a crowd. To be quite open-minded about it, I could not distinguish capitalist from bourgeoisie or bourgeoisie from proletarian.

FOUND ONLY IN THE DICTIONARY

ONE day, while hurrying to the ferry with my neighbor, Smithkins, I grasped him by the arm. "There, look!

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No, not there, that man who is just fishing a newspaper from the waste-paper can. See him?"

"Sure," said Smithkins, "what of it?"

"What of it?" I cried, excitedly, "why, that man is one of the proletariat. I am sure of it."

"That man is John G. MacOodles, worth about two hundred millions, I know him well," declared Smithkins, "he is a Capitalist, with a capital C."

"What ails you, anyway?" demanded Smithkins. "Spring fever or something? You're not yourself. Always mooning around looking for samples of the proletariat. Say——" he paused and glared at me accusingly, "Say, you aren't planning on writing an article about proletarians, are you?"

Brazenly I confessed that I had hoped to write such an article if I could ever find out enough about them to pound out a few thousand words. "But how the Dickens can I write it unless I know just what the proletariat is? I must meet some of them, learn their habits and haunts, their joys and sorrows, their obstacles and ambitions."

"Humph," growled Smithkins, "I know the style of article you mean, what they eat for breakfast and their favorite tooth-wash and favorite author and where they buy their lingerie——"

"Wha-a-a-t!" I yelled.

"I mean, their haberdashery," corrected Smithkins, flushing. "Excuse me, but I sat in a department store two hours and a half the other day while my wife spent what she calls 'ten minutes,' making a little purchase of about $40 worth of this and that which she had rolled up and tucked in her shopping bag."

"But what's that to do with my article or the proletariat?"

"You poor simp!"—Smithkins was always a plain-spoken man—"You poor simp!" he said, "why don't you look up the word in the dictionary?"

Really it was a good idea. I did. I found that the proletariat is the lowest class—people who work and, to

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quote literally from my dictionary, " people without capital."

" That settles it," I yelled. My wife looked up, greatly worried over my mental condition. She said that she thought, from my remark, that I had paid another bill. I explained that I had discovered something, namely, and to wit, that I was of the proletariat!

She advised a Turkish bath.

WHERE THE DEFINITION SAGS

BUT the subject was becoming interesting, as well as annoying. Setting out to gather sufficient data on the subject was an easy matter. Actually gathering that data was about as difficult as trying to convince a Bolshevik that cleanliness is next to Godliness. I think that I learned considerable about the proletariat at one of our club socials. " Ladies' night " it was, in fact, but we members are gallant if nothing else and pretend that we consider it a social gathering. Out in the smoking-room the subject came up quite unexpectedly. Friend Smithkins started it. When I entered he shouted, " Say, have you traced the pesky proletariat to his lair? "

Leighton, who is slightly deaf, protested mildly.

" I don't know as I would call every proletarian a liar," he said. They explained to him that I was looking for information on the subject.

Smithkins did the explaining. He has a voice like thunder through a megaphone and he raised it to the Nth power as he shouted to old Mr. Leighton.

" He's trying to find the real definition of the proletariat," yelled Smithkins.

" Oh," said Mr. Leighton, smiling knowingly at me, " just call 'em the great unwashed."

" Not on your life," declared Beeborn, " all our society ladies and professional beauties use only cold cream on their faces, yet you couldn't call them unwashed, could you? "

It is remarkable what silly things will start an argument. Atkins insisted that the proletariat was the lowest class, the daily workers, who had no money. " You know the kind,"

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he said, " factory workers, farm hands, chauffeurs, and, in a word, everyone who works for wages, rather than they who have their own business and depend upon its success for their income."

" Is that *so?* " demanded Doc. Mitchell, " well, I needed $600 the other day to pay an emergency bill, where do you suppose I got it? "

" Dug up an appendicitis case?" asked Smithkins, who thinks he is funny.

Doc. Mitchell glared at him, then turned to Atkins. " And so, people who work for wages are of the proletariat, eh? They have no money, eh? Like factory hands and chauffeurs, eh? Well sir, I went to my chauffeur and borrowed the money. He took the six hundred off a roll and scarcely made a dent in it. Man, I suppose I'm of the bourgeoisie because I do not work for a salary, while my chauffeur is of the proletariat because he works for a salary or wages or a fixed stipend, as you will. But your definition sags in the middle right there, and breaks apart, for you say the proletariat not only does daily work for wages but the members of that class have no money? Man, I pay my chauffeur $35 a week. I had been practicing medicine five years before my income was much better than that."

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S GUESS

"YOU do not understand——" began Atkins.

" You bet I don't," bellowed Doctor Mitchell, " I don't understand why my wife has to pay $12 a week for a female Bolshevik who doesn't half do the housework in our family of two, but who demands three days off a week and wears better clothes, more stylish clothes and has five times as many clothes as she. And if this maid of ours is a proletarian, then I'm the missing link."

There was a lot more talk along those lines. Then I got a really valuable bit of advice.

" What sort of an article are you going to write? " asked Beeborn.

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"I am going to write an article entitled: 'The Proletariat Defined,'" I told him.

"Go to some college professor, preferably one who has socialistic leanings," was Beeborn's advice. I did so. The college professor was genial. He first told me the regulation dictionary definition—"One of the poorest and lowest classes in a community or State; one without property; wage-earning class without capital."

"I," he said, "am a proletarian. The janitor of our apartment is a proletarian. The railroad engineer who brings our students here is a proletarian. My people were proletarians——"

I was looking into his mammoth dictionary at the time.

"Still another definition," I murmured, "is 'Vulgar people.'"

"What?" He looked at the definition. "All rot!" was his comment.

"And among the Romans the proletarians were considered to be those who could serve their country only by having children——"

"What I mean," broke in the Professor, "is that the proletariat is a class of honest people, hard-working, getting small wages, barely keeping the wolf from the door—just paying bills, owning no property. Let me repeat—the factory man, machinist, loom worker, chauffeur, housemaid, electrician, lineman, clerk—all, all such people are of the proletariat. They are hard workers—yet do not live in luxury, do not know the comforts of owning their own homes."

NOT THE GARBAGE MAN

I THANKED the Professor and went my way, stopping long enough to have a chat with his janitor who told me that he owned a two-tenement house not far away and had two boys in college. Back in my own community, I learned the salary of this professor—$2,400 a year. I know of several chauffeurs who get $2,000 a year beside tips. There isn't an engineer on the railroad where I commute (I

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get this direct from headquarters) but that gets more money than the college professor, not one but that either owns his own home or has sufficient capital to buy one. Even the colored man who serves a dozen or more people as gardener in my community, owns an automobile.

"Paoili," I said to the man who daily removes our household garbage for the sum of one dollar per month, "Paoili, are you a proletarian?"

He smiled a sickly smile, shrugged his shoulders and said, "You mek fun."

"How much do you pay for rent?" was my next question.

Paoili was proud now, he straightened up and grinned. "Rent? Ah no, no rent for me. I own t'ree house, live een one. Jus' now I build 'nother house."

I handed Paoili a cigar and went into the house that I rent, up to the den, and slipped a sheet of paper into my typewriter. With a great deal of assurance I wrote:

"THE PROLETARIAN DEFINED"

and then I leaned back to grab off a thought for my opening paragraph. Then I leaned forward, then I leaned back, then I got up and paced and sat down and thought and got up and looked in the dictionary and lighted my pipe and sat down again and looked at the nice title I had written all in capital letters, then I leaned back and tried to think.

Finally I yanked that sheet of paper from my typewriter, inserted another, and wrote, with absolute confidence this time:

"WHAT IS A PROLETARIAN?"

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THE STORY OF AN ACTRESS—MYSELF

Revealing Her Struggles from Obscurity to Stardom

By FAY BAINTER

THE only excuse for a soliloquy on the stage is because the author of the play can find no other way of revealing the plot. As this story of the stage is to be, in a sense, a plot of myself, it must be told as a soliloquy—in the first person.

The starting point in most autobiographies is, of course, the awakening of ambition, generally an ambition nourished in secret. I, too, have been fired with the flame of ambition, it has carried me over high places, lifted me up when I had fallen to such depths that I was famished—longing for warm food, and actually subsisting for a week on five cents' worth of onions and a couple of loaves of brown bread. But long before this ambition was awake, I was concerned with the practical need of earning a living.

Every artist, no matter what branch of the arts chosen for a career, can moralize over the pitfalls that yawn so menacingly along the road to success. One might talk of harmony, of progress—or even of moral dangers. I would rather refrain from such topics. They have been mentioned before, and—they have really little bearing on my individual case.

I was five years old, more interested in dolls than moral dangers of a career, when I first ran out on the stage. It happened at a children's amateur performance given in my home in California. The child who was to have carried off the honors was several years older than I. She seemed huge to me, in her mature twelve years of height and wisdom. At the crucial moment, when she was about to take her place at the head of the adventure in a theatrical career, she began to cry, and refused to go on. Somehow or other, I found myself

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taking her place, I danced, I sang, I lisped my way successfully out of an obscure infanthood into a career. On that day the die was cast. I was to be an actress.

THE CHILD ACTRESS

IT was immediately after this that I made my first professional appearance. Word came that a child was needed to play in the support of Nance O'Neil, who was starting a season of stock at one of the Los Angeles theatres—I was offered for the part, and accepted. My first appearance was in "The Jewess," and my success was sufficiently marked for me to be retained with the stock company for the next nine years.

Nine years of children's parts! It would seem enough to drive any youngster from the theatre for life, yet at fourteen I was filled with ambitions—and already dreaming of Broadway success. Then, too, there was that ever-present demon—food. I had to eat, and the stage was the place where I had learned to make money.

They were really wonderful, those years that I played child parts with the Morosco Stock Company in California. During my stay there I was spoiled, hopelessly spoiled.

Of course, I was only a child, but there must have been a sort of tacit understanding in the theatre that I was to be protected. I recall one occasion which confirms this. A young actor had indulged in an outburst of temperament during rehearsals, and swore strongly while in my presence. A huge, rough, but hearty Westerner who was employed as a stage carpenter in the theatre lifted the young man from his feet, and carried him out by the stage-door, dropping him on the lot outside. No girl ever had a more guarded career in the theatre than I did during those first years of my life as a child actress.

THE GROWING YEARS

IN spite of all, however, I did not entirely appreciate how kind and how careful those dear people were of my maturing character. Visiting stars from New York were

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constantly appearing in California, and I would listen with envious eagerness to the stories of success in New York. New York loomed in my imagination as the City of Paradise, the place where riches, fame, admiration and artistic triumph were waiting for me. How many hundreds of young girls have had the same dream, and how many have awakened to the gloom of disappointment.

It was the dream of success in my heart that I welcomed the fact that, small as I was, I could no longer play children's parts—and so departed from my long engagement in Los Angeles. I knew enough of the theatre to realize that I was not ready for New York, and so, on the strength of my Los Angeles success, I obtained a place in other stock companies in Seattle and Portland, where I played small rôles. For nearly three years my study went on. Of course, I did not play leading rôles, but I had many good parts, and pictured myself a popular ingenue—much sought after by managers who needed young ladies to fill charming dressy rôles in their productions.

AMBITION—PLUS $300

FINALLY, when I was scarcely seventeen, I started out. I arrived in New York with a large capital of $300, and a very scared, but determined, attitude. I realized that $300 would not last very long if I went to one of the big hotels, so I found myself in one of those uncomfortable institutions, where economy tortured one's daily life. I traveled from one manager's office to another, being entirely ignored, and properly so. When a girl is living under conditions that require her to wash her own stockings, to spread her wet handkerchiefs over the mirror to dry, she looks like it when she gets out. It was quite natural that the managers should realize that I was doing these disgraceful things, that no expensive actress would ever think of doing. My $300 disappeared. I found myself studying the signs outside the drug stores to discover a hot drink for a nickel. Bouillons were all ten cents, so were hot chocolates. Finally, one day

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I discovered that you could buy a mug of hot Jamaica ginger for five cents. Then, too, I discovered that onions were wonderfully nourishing, if eaten with a loaf of brown bread. It looked as though I was a perfect failure in New York.

AN ENGAGEMENT—AND REHEARSALS

THEN came a day when I heard that Mr. John Cort, for whom I had worked in Seattle and Portland, was in New York producing a musical play. I went to him, and, at a moment when I felt life was a miserable existence, he cast me for a small part in a new musical production, "The Rose of Panama." It was then that I discovered that there was another form of torture in the theatre that I had heard about, but never encountered; a sort of human dragon called a stage director.

I admit that I was not attractive. I was seventeen, which means that I was a child, only on the borderland of womanhood. I was scrawny, scraggy, wild-eyed, with a terribly scared expression, and the stage director made it a point to heap personal insults upon my appearance in the presence of the entire company. He had some girl whom he wished to take my place, and he assumed the method, I hope, rarely used in the theatre, to crush my spirit, to bully me off the stage. He didn't know that I was almost destitute, he didn't know that I very often came to rehearsal under the stimulating influence of a dill pickle for breakfast, he didn't know that I was going to hang on, no matter what he said. The brutality of that experience embittered me, it was a cruelty that makes martyrdom. It is a dreadful thing to crush the spirit of a child, to put the lid on the aspiring soul of a young girl. He would pace up and down the stage in the presence of the company at rehearsals, and, in a loud voice, heap personal abuse upon me. I have not yet ceased to wait for the hour of my revenge when I can repay this man's cowardice, in my own way.

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Finally, a day or two before the play opened, I went to see Mr. Cort, whom I knew had persistently refused to dismiss me. He said to me, "The stage director doesn't like your work, he is not satisfied with it. However, I am going to let you open, and your first performance will decide whether I keep you in the part or not."

I went to the theatre on the opening night with exactly twenty cents, and a very light supper. I was put in a small dressing-room with an understudy, who was distinctly unpleasant in personality, and somewhat unclean. I dressed, enduring many slurs and interferences from my dressing-room mate. By the time I got on the stage, I was in a towering rage. I felt like Jess Willard, and I was as brave as he is. I went through that performance in a fearful temper, and I won. It was not a great triumph, but I was not fired, and I had made an appearance in New York.

THE FIRST SUCCESS

IT did me little good, so far as New York was concerned, to be a member of "The Rose of Panama" company. The play lasted three weeks—but did have a good run in Chicago. That summer I had a chance to play the leading woman's part in a stock company in Toledo. I was only eighteen, but my years of work were beginning to show results. I could memorize a long part quickly, I knew the gestures that displayed various emotions, and was able, to a degree, to change my voice with each characterization. All these are stock company tricks. As the season progressed, I discovered that I was far from well, that there was a constant pain in my side. My belief was that I had strained myself while dancing in "The Rose of Panama," for I just danced wildly, knowing nothing of the acrobatics of dancing. So I wrote to Mr. Cort, who had placed me under a three-year contract, and asked him to release me from my part in "The Rose of Panama," and give me a part in a dramatic production. Before his answer came I had been rushed to the hospital—with appendicitis. Mr. Cort's letter was one

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of the first I read when I was convalescent—he said that he thought it would be better for us to cancel the contract—and I agreed. After all, while it was the beginning, it was not a great contract. As I remember it, I was to be receiving a hundred dollars a week at the end of the third year.

MRS. FISKE'S ADVICE

THEN came a rather weary round of playing in stock companies, broken only by a brief season with Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Dear Mrs. Fiske! I was only a child-woman, and a humble member of her company, but she must have seen the fires of ambition within me. She was very nice to me—and she might have snubbed me. She advised me to leave her company, where I was playing a small rôle, and go back to stock where I could play better rôles and really study. She told me how to play the bigger parts, how to get the best out of each part. Before this my work had been mechanical. I was always tired, and used to learn my lines and play the best I could. Mrs. Fiske told me that the way to learn to be a good actress was to pretend that every performance I played was my opening night on Broadway.

I shall never forget her laugh when I told her that one couldn't do good work in a stock company when one had poor clothes and no properties to work with. Her answer was for me to use my imagination—to believe that I had everything necessary to work with, and to play in the same key.

BACK TO THE STOCK COMPANIES

SO I went back to stock, to play in Albany, Toledo, and Des Moines. I had tried time after time to get a footing in New York City—and suddenly I realized that I could never do it while I was poor. As my train sped westward I made up my mind that I would never appear in New York City hunting an engagement until I could afford to stay at a good

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hotel, wear good clothes, and have good food—until I could be prosperous. I was through with trying for $50 a week parts with big people. I was going to learn my craft and demand five times that salary and a leading rôle.

Finally I received an offer to play in a splendid stock company in Des Moines. The salary was large for stock, $250 a week, though, of course, it was largely diminished by the wardrobe necessary—a new set of dresses every week. For eighty weeks I played leading rôles, eleven performances a week, with every sixth week an elaborate musical production. It was hard, grilling work, and I made it harder, for I studied every part with an eye for individuality of characterization. I kept before me Mrs. Fiske's admonition to use my imagination. It had never been hard for me to study the lines of a rôle—my memory has been quickened to the point when a couple of readings of a part was all I needed. The rest of the time I worked on characterization, accent—to learn new gestures each week.

Then came the day when my bank balance told me that once again I might venture into New York. I went to the most fashionable shops in the city and purchased a wardrobe. I bought new luggage, and wired ahead to a good hotel to reserve me a suite. Then I announced that I was leaving the company, and the New York theatrical agents read the fact in the theatrical trade journals.

A NEW YORK SUCCESS

WHEN I arrived in New York I was groomed as a princess of the theatre—strengthened by the poise that a well filled pocketbook can bring. When I went to register the hotel clerk looked at me for a second, and then made a very visible effort to please me. As I signed my name he told me that there had been several telephone calls for me, and mentioned the names of several managers who wished me to call at their offices at my earliest convenience. It was as a page from a story-book. I had not taken off my hat—yet they knew I was in New York, at what hotel I was staying. They wanted me.

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The second day I signed a contract. That fall I appeared in a new war-play, "Arms and the Girl." The morning papers said I was a success.

How did it happen? Well, I had never forgotten to use my imagination. I had played every performance as though it were my first night in New York. During eighty weeks many famous players had appeared in Des Moines. The theatre where they played was across the street from the place where I ground out my eleven performances a week. They stopped in to see me—and they went back to New York saying that I was good. I was only the leading woman in a stock company, yet in those eighty weeks my reputation was carried into New York City—and the theatrical men of the city were ready to receive me when I arrived.

One of the strange points of my spreading reputation was the fact that while a great many players and managers saw my work in Des Moines and commended me for what I was doing, I never received any encouragement from them—none of them ever came back stage and told me that I was doing good work. Of course, I am glad now that they didn't. I might have been satisfied with myself, and that would have been foolish and harmful. Still, it is unusual that my work should have been noticed, while I received no personal praise.

THE FUTURE OF MYSELF

WHAT is the future of myself? I cannot say. Certainly, the past two years have been most kind. I have created four rôles in New York City, the market place of the drama, and been credited with success in all of them. In one of them I was a musical-comedy duchess—dancing and singing, which allowed me to be versatile.

A great many of my critics, people who know, tell me that my Chinese girl in "East is West" is absolutely true to type, and I am invariably asked the question, "Where did you study the character? In China?" I don't think I ever studied any person for character, at least not consciously so. It may be owing to the fact that most of my life was spent

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in California where there are so many Orientals, that I know the character so well. After all, I suppose that one does notice gestures, intonations of speech, and the finer points of picturization, when one has nothing but Chinese or Japanese servants,—and one finds the Oriental patiently working at every trade. I have never been to China, and just at this minute I have no desire to stray such a distance from Broadway. It took me so long to arrive on that street that I hardly dare to venture away. Yes, I have been most successful with the Oriental character, and I suppose that I shall be more or less associated with Oriental characterizations in the seasons to come. That is the fate of an actress who is able to bring a note of perfection to any type of rôle.

However, it will not be my choice if I cannot play other rôles,—many rôles of widely different appeal. You see, I still have my ambitions. I want to be dramatic. One of my dreams is that I shall play in a great drama in which I will portray a woman of the slums, a creation of primitive emotions. I am aware of the fact that I would probably be told by critics to go back to *Ming Toy,* but at least I am still ambitious.

It is twenty years since the days when I joined Nance O'Neil, to play the part of the child in "The Jewess"—twenty long electric years of emotional growing. And in spite of all that I passed through I have never ceased to enjoy the career of an actress. It is a life spent in the magnificent adventures of imagination, in the continuous flight of mind and heart, upward, onward, to higher hopes of imaginative experience. There are many places in the course of the career of an actress when she is at the crossroads of her artistic fate. These are the only places of temptation, desirable temptation, because they inspire one to choose the opportunity, to test the true artistic nature of one's career. Doing my work with the stock company I discovered that the only solid foothold on the stage is to do the work because it makes you happier, because it feeds the hungry needs of one's imagination. In a way I learned this truth earlier than some actresses do. I found myself in the most difficult tests of artistic work. I

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grew by spreading my wings till they were wide open, by flying above the commercial vanities of the theatre.

Sometimes you hear it said that the life of an actress is very hard, very exhausting, very tiresome. I found it to be the happiest life in the world. There is work attached to any career, even to being a wife and mother. Theatres are often cold, dismal places, rehearsals are tiresome, the shaping of the new play is monotonous. These things can be overcome. I study my lines, my character, and make up my mind to be patient at rehearsal, also prompt. Once the play is running smoothly, should the everyday world become tiresome, one can forget it, shut it out in the adventures of the play. The happiest hours I have had have been in my dressing-room at the theatre. Even in the days when my room was uncomfortably shabby, it was the place where I left the world behind, where I entered the magnificent future of my career. Even the paints and powders are friendly aides to the beautiful world of make-believe where I belong. I can put a wig on, and, in the new identity, live the fresh adventure of imagination with renewed joy.

Briefly, this is the plot of myself. I am happy when I realize that I am young, gloriously young, and that the best of my career lies before me, that I can still soar on the wings of imagination, that nothing of the past is dimming the future of my own self—Fay Bainter.

THE RAINBOW-TRAIL

By J. CORSON MILLER

THE moon hangs low on a jewelled chain,
The stars sing over the sea;
The Ocean's breath bears a hint of rain,
What's that to you and to me!
For us the soul's quick, sudden leap
Across the gulfs where others creep:
All skies are fair,
When Love is there,
And Life is a Rainbow-Trail.

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OUR LABOR PROBLEMS

Inflated War-Time Conditions and Reasons for Conciliation Now

By Hon. WILLIAM B. WILSON

[SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR]

IN all of our previous wars, from the time of Joshua overcoming the enemies of Israel, until Sherman made his great march to the sea, it was frequently possible for great armies to maintain themselves in the countries through which they were operating, receiving but a comparatively small portion of their supplies from home. In modern warfare that is impossible, for it is estimated to require from six to ten workers in the rear to maintain one soldier in the trenches. Hence the importance of maintaining the morale of the workers at home.

In the present war there was not a time when any of our great munitions factories were seriously crippled because of any shortage of workers. And yet, the attitude of mind of many of the wage-workers of the country was similar to the attitude of mind of others in our population. They were a peace-loving people, as we all were. They were anxious to avoid war. That spirit permeated the whole body of wage-workers of our country, organized and unorganized.

The sentiment prevailed amongst the workers that this was a capitalistic war, that all were capitalistic and that this was one of them. Our duty therefore was to point out that whatever of deficiency there might be in our institutions, we had the most perfect democracy that had ever been established; that while workingmen, some of them, might not have achieved the ideals that they believed ought to be placed in existence, their failure, if failure had occurred, was due to the fact that they were unable to secure the co-operation and consent of a majority of their fellow-workers to put those ideals into effect; and that consequently our struggle was for the

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maintenance of democracy. Whatever the origin of the struggle in Europe, whether it had been originated because of the desire of Capital to either extend or defend its influence, or had grown out of the personal ambition of autocrats, that with us the attempt of the autocrat to define what we should do and how we should do it, even to the extent of saying to us that we could send one vessel a week to England on a given day, by a given route, if it was painted in a given way, was the exercise of an autocratic authority that no one but subjects could submit to. Many of our people have come from other countries; many of them are natives of this country. Those who came from other countries came here because they no longer wanted to be subjects; they wanted to be citizens. Those who were born here were born as citizens and not as subjects. And we declared to the working people of this country that it was our concept of their understanding of the situation that they would sacrifice the last drop of their blood, if necessary, in order to remain citizens of a republic and to avoid being subjects of any country.

THE PERNICIOUS I. W. W. PROPAGANDA

AND out through the Middle West, and at some places in the East, a very radical organization found a foothold, preaching a rather unique kind of philosophy, so far as our people were concerned; yet a philosophy that was gaining ground among the wage-workers in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, and in some portions of the East. The Industrial Workers of the World, closely allied to the Bolsheviki of Germany, were teaching the doctrine to our people that every man is entitled to the full social value of what his labor produces. Now, to my mind, that is a truism. It is Marxian in its origin, so far as the language is concerned, socialist in its origin, so far as the method of statement is concerned; but the principle itself is one that anyone can subscribe to, whether he is an individualist or a socialist. The great difficulty, however, has been that human intelligence has not yet devised a method by which it can determine what

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the social value is of anyone's labor. And because we are unable to determine what this value is it is folly to undertake to base the returns that each will receive upon that which we do not know how to compute. We met the problem in that way.

But the I. W. W. went farther with their propaganda. They said that the value of property rested solely upon its ability to earn profits, which is a rather sound economic statement. They said, if you destroy the profit arising from property the property will become valueless, and when it becomes valueless to the owner then the workers can take it over and operate it collectively themselves, and so be able to secure the full social value of what their labor produces, although how they would secure the full social value of what their labor produces with no method of computing that value was beyond our comprehension. They therefore took the ground that the manner of destroying the value of property was to reduce the production as far as they could reduce it and still retain their positions. And even farther than that they would go: they would destroy the property, destroy the machines, put sand upon the bearings, drive copper nails into fruit trees, and follow any other method that would destroy the productive value of property, thereby assuming that, with property values destroyed, they could take over what remained themselves. To combat that phase of it, we referred to the historical fact that prior to the introducion of modern labor-saving devices, when nearly everything was produced by hand, when the production per individual was less by far than anything that would result from any system of sabotage they might introduce, there were still profits for the employers, there were still returns for the property, and that if these people succeeded in carrying their theories into effect—namely, reducing the amount of production—instead of destroying the values of the property, the real result would be a reduction in the standards of living of the wage-workers themselves. And we combated this philosophy by that kind of a statement.

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COMBATING BOLSHEVIKIAN PHILOSOPHY

WE took the ground further that Labor and Capital had a mutual interest in securing the largest possible production with a given amount of labor, having due regard to the health, safety and opportunities for recreation and improvement of the workers themselves. The standard of living of the American wage-worker is higher than that of any other wage-worker anywhere, because the American wage-worker produces more. In industrial development, in industrial activity, if there is nothing produced there is nothing to divide. If there is a large amount produced, there is a large amount to divide. So the interests of Labor and Capital are mutual in securing that large amount of production, and their interests only diverge when it comes to a division. When it comes to a division of that which has been jointly produced, then we contended that fair play to all parties concerned, and the sensible thing for all parties to do, was to sit down around the council table and endeavor to work out the division on as nearly a just basis as the circumstances surrounding the industry would permit.

And by processes of that kind, rather than by the use of force, we offset the propaganda of the Bolsheviki. But there also devolved upon us the question of furnishing labor for the war industries; finding where it was unemployed or partly employed, and transporting it to the places where it was needed; and in that field there was tremendous competition. Every corporation that had a contract with the Government felt that there actually rested upon its shoulders the responsibility of delivering the product on time, irrespective of whether any other corporation was able to do likewise. Every government production division or department felt a like responsibility, and consequently there was a continual bidding against each other, one department of the Government bidding against another department of the Government; one corporation bidding against another coporation; and a continual see-saw going on, not only for skilled labor, but for common labor. It was nothing unusual for a while to find a

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carload of workers *en route* from Pittsburgh to Detroit, and to find another trainload of workmen *en route* from Detroit to Pittsburgh to take work in the factories at Pittsburgh. Now, anyone can readily understand that a policy of that kind must lose in efficiency; the movement of men from one job to another is always a cause of inefficiency. We undertook to meet that situation by endeavoring to place in the hands of our Employment Service of the Department of Labor the sole duty of supplying the labor to the factories and munition plants of the United States and to the building operations as well. That policy was but partly in operation when the armistice took place; but at that time, for some two or three months, we had complete control of the common-labor service and were supplying it to the various establishments needing common labor throughout the country.

ADJUSTING DISPUTES AND STABILIZING WAGES

WE also, from time to time, had to deal with the problem of adjusting labor disputes in the various localities. There was a continual movement of the cost of living upward; the workers insisted that, hence, the purchasing power of the wage rate, which remained the same, had been reduced; which was economically sound. With the wage rate remaining stationary, and the cost of living going up, it followed that the real wage of the worker had been reduced. And so they were insistent that the wage rate should keep pace with the increase. We were thus placed in the most peculiar position of having the cost of living go up, and then the wage rates go up to meet that cost of living, and then the cost of living go up because the wage rates had gone up, and then the wage rates going up because the cost of living went up; and we kept continually traveling in a spiral upward, without anybody securing any benefit. And one of the problems that finally devolved upon us, after a great deal of experimenting elsewhere, was to endeavor to stabilize the wage rates throughout the United States; and a considerable success had attended our efforts at the time the armistice was signed.

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These were some of our major problems during the period of the war, and we are now confronted with the great problem of reconstruction. We are going through the same kind of atmosphere that we went through at the time we entered into the war. There was a feeling then that we should not be able to organize an army fast enough to be of any assistance, that we could not train an army quickly enough, that we could not transport it to Europe because there was no shipping, and that we could not equip the army, even if we were able to train them and transport them. And yet, when the supreme crisis came, when the Hun had broken through the western front, and nothing remained between him and Paris but thirty miles of space, it was these same boys, whom some of our people said that we could not train, transport, or equip, who stepped into the breach at Chateau Thierry, stemmed the tide of the oncoming Huns, and hurled them back. The same spirit that dominated Americans at that time concerning the conduct of the war will thrill them during the period of reconstruction.

OUR MOST IMPORTANT RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEM

WE get the term "reconstruction" from Great Britain. Two or three years ago the British Government, foreseeing some of the problems that were confronting it, undertook to develop reconstruction plans. They found, however, that it would be impossible for them to complete their plans until the close of the war because some of the elements of the problem were dependent upon the issues of the war, and Great Britain's concept of reconstruction and the problems with which she must deal in reconstruction were very different from our own. With Great Britain there was included in her problem of reconstruction the question of a supply of raw materials for her factories and her shops, and a restoration of her foreign markets for her finished products. With us the raw-material phase may be almost entirely eliminated. There were some raw materials for which we were dependent upon other countries prior to our entrance into the war; but we have since developed methods and plans by which we can now

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produce most of these raw materials for ourselves. And so the raw-material phase of reconstruction is an unimportant one for us.

The extension of foreign trade is more important, and yet we had already taken about all the steps that could be taken, even before our entrance into the war, to take care of its development. The first thing essential in developing foreign trade is to know where it is to be had, and consequently our Government established agencies by which our business men might be kept advised of where opportunities for foreign trade were to be had. We did more than that. We had realized that the location of foreign trade was not in itself sufficient; that there must be credits established, credits not simply suitable to ourselves, but also suitable to the country with which we desired to deal. Germany had built up a tremendous South American trade, had built it up principally because she had established a system of credits suitable to South American countries; and it was necessary, if we were to participate in foreign business, that we also should do likewise. And so, in our Federal Reserve Act, we provided that our banking institutions might establish branch banks abroad as a means of financing foreign operations and furnishing the necessary credit, and then one other very important step was necessary, to find a means of transportation. Our shipbuilding operations have now reached such a magnitude that we are building even more merchant vessels than Great Britain. By carrying on our shipbuilding program we are in a position to furnish the transportation necessary for taking care of our foreign trade. Thus the important features have been taken care of in connection with the reconstruction work of our foreign commerce.

DEMOBILIZING OUR INDUSTRIAL WAR WORKERS

THEREFORE there remains for us the acute problem of demobilizing our army, navy and industrial war-workers and re-establishing ourselves on a normal, post-war basis. Now, that might be a very easy thing if every man en-

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gaged in business in the United States were filled with the idea that the thing for him to do is to get going, get his establishment on at least as large and effective a basis as it was prior to the war. There are many business men who feel that it is not wise to do that, that the war-cost of labor is out of the question, and that the thing for business to do is to wait until the price of material goes down and the price of labor goes down also; that it would be an unwise thing to buy material at the price at which it is obtainable today, and tomorrow every competitor would be able to buy it at 20 or 25 per cent less, having thereby a decided competitive advantage; and the reasoning seems fairly sound. But it is only a phase of the situation confronting us. My vision of the situation is that there will not be more than four to six months at the most of interim between the signing of the armistice and our getting into the regular, post-war swing; and the reasons which have brought me to that conclusion are several.

In nearly all lines of industry in commerce there has been a depletion of the stocks, except those that are closely related to the supplies for military purposes. The shelves are emptied and they have to be filled to their normal business weight. Then again, the supply of labor is not as ample as many are prone to think. Before the European War came, we were admitting to the United States approximately 1,200,000 aliens who were used for the development of our industrial enterprises. Some 400,000 of those returned, leaving us a net gain of 800,000 aliens annually. That makes 3,200,000 of a shortage up to the present time, due to the fact that since the coming of the war those who have gone out have equalled those who have come in. We have built up a tremendous shipbuilding program. In place of a few tens of thousands before the war, we now have approximately 500,000 workers engaged in shipbuilding operations, and they will likely continue at those operations for some time to come. We took four millions from industry and put them in the trenches, and we are sending them back now to the industries. But even the best we can hope for is that three million of them may be demobilized by the end of the calendar year. They will need

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at least a million of our soldiers over on the other side for a year to come. And so there would be more than four million workers less than the usual supply under the normal conditions. There is not only the possibility of a labor shortage, but there is also the possibility of an increased demand.

Our wage-earners have lived under conditions in which the cost of living was going up; but their wage rates went up in about the same ratio as did the cost of living; and the wage workers were earning more in real wages during the period of the war than they had been earning before. That was due principally to their working overtime. Their total earnings, then, in real wages have been greater by far than the earnings in peace time, and many of them have some of those earnings in reserve in the form of Liberty Bonds. That means a tremendous amount in the aggregate added to the purchasing power of the United States. And our farmers have been in a similar situation. The returns for farm products have been the highest, computed in real money, that have ever existed. Our farmers have in reserve a large portion of that which they received in return for the farm products; and that reserve will be used to a very considerable extent, now that the restraint has been removed from the production of non-essentials, in equipping their farms and households as they have never been equipped before.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN OPPORTUNITIES

THEN there is this great South American country. Germany had a trade there; but Germany will not again have a trade there. It will go to other countries, and if our business men use foresight a legitimate portion of this trade will come to the United States. And then there is the restoration of France and Belgium. Sooner or later Russia and the Central Powers will want some of our products, and the great markets of the neutrals of the North have been closed for years because of the fear that their territory was the gateway by which material might be supplied to the Central Powers. We were compelled to curtail the shipment of material into those northern countries. Now those markets are open to us.

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With these things before us, if we can tide ourselves over the brief period of readjustment, we have from eight to ten years of industrial activity ahead of us equal to anything we have ever had in the past. Our greatest difficulty is the tiding over of the few months between the armistice and the post-war activities. The labor organizations are in a better position to resist reductions in wages than ever before. The workers have this reserve to which I have referred in their possession; they are in a position to resist, and I fear that if any attempt be made to force down the wages of the workers to any considerable extent, there will be resistance long enough to prevent its accomplishment. To me it is a short-sighted policy on the part of the business man to run the chance of destroying his industrial and commercial organization for the opportunity of a brief period of lower wages and cheaper material. With the demands that I have suggested coming, there will be greater demands for labor than in the past, and that means that the industry or commercial establishment that has not maintained its organization in the interim will be at a disadvantage when it comes to build up its organization during that period of labor competition. I believe that it is to a great extent a matter of confidence on the part of all our people, and my purpose in connection with the Department has been to do all that I possibly could to restore the confidence of our people in their ability to carry their own propositions through and work out their destiny in their own way.

If we have any large amount of unemployment, however, we shall have that period of industrial unrest, and no one can tell where the social upheaval will land us, whether we shall have a repetition of the French Revolution or of the Russian Bolsheviki, or whether good or evil will come out of the social struggle. Democracies are slow to remedy the evils that exist within them, because it requires the bringing together of either a majority of the people or a common purpose to utilize the balance of power to accomplish a common purpose to move forward to the removing of any grievance. Yet any other policy of progress means the establishment of

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the same principle that has brought this war upon the world.

The principle of autocracy, the ideal of the German Emperor, was that his power was supreme, that he exercised it by divine right, and that he, the extreme minority, might impose his will upon the majority. And when a few having ideals come to the conclusion that because they have those ideals then those ideals ought to be put into existence, whether the majority desires it or not, and undertake to force it upon the majority, then those few having the ideals place themselves in exactly the same position as the autocrat of Germany was in, when he sought to have the minority impose its will upon the majority. But we are facing that kind of a situation unless we can tide over the few months between now and our natural post-war activities. My appeal to all of the people is to get your business going and keep it going.

TO ONE RETURNING

By FAITH BALDWIN

SPRING shall come very gorgeously this year . . .
Yet gently . . . lest her small, bare feet awake
Dear dreams in young hearts stilled for Beauty's sake . . .
She shall sing softly . . . lest the Gallant hear
And stir from Peace. But you and I, my Dear,
Shall catch an elfin echo, and shall make
A little Holiday of Love, and take
Her perfumed gifts with eager hands, and clear
Unclouded eyes. Love will be fair this May,
Dearer for tears, and deeper for long grief,
Closer for absence, holy-hushed for pain,
Fiercer for longing, warmer for delay.
And we shall find a rapture past belief
In kisses sweet as lilacs wet with rain.

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MASTERING MOTION-PICTURES

From $3 a Day to Motion-Picture Magnate

By CHARLES MILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What the names of Belasco and Cohan on a play mean to theatregoers so have the names of Miller, Griffith, Ince and De Mille a like connotation to patrons of motion-pictures. In the studios they call Mr. Miller "the director who never had a failure"; they say that no less than six "stars" have sprung into being under his tutelage. To learn to make photo-plays, Mr. Miller abandoned a large salary and went to work for $3 a day; in less than four years his salary jumped to $50,000 a year. His story is an inspiration to success.*

WHEN I walked into the motion-picture studio of Thomas H. Ince on Santa Monica Bay, California, I was thirty-eight years old. Behind me was a lifetime devoted to the theatre. From the old stock-company days in Boston, I had played every imaginable part from *Simon Legree* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to leading man for Broadway stars. I had produced, acted in and managed plays; my life was the theatre. It was ingrained in me; no other profession than that of repeating a playwright's lines had ever occurred to me. Yet here I was, a success, as the theatre judges success, just having completed a season on "the road," starring in a Broadway "hit"; but with an idea in the back of my head to give up my career and begin a new one.

Hat in hand I waited to see Ince, a captain indeed of the new industry of motion-pictures. Captain, no, rather a Chief of Staff, for I saw him in the midst of a confusion of actors, carpenters, camera men, scene painters, property men, studio managers, supers, a swarming babbling crowd, which at first seemed all confusion, but in which I slowly sensed a kind of system as he ordered this or that done. Hammers clattered; directors shouted instructions on their stages; the air was filled with questions. While I waited for Ince to see me, I glanced around the studio area. There, in one corner of the

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lot they were slapping up a Mexican street scene; over here, they were moving the palms to "dress" a Fifth Avenue ballroom "set"; in that corner, a police court was magically taking shape; in another, the walls which were to enclose a church vestry were being clamped down. And as it seemed to me on that first day the air was filled with a jabbering and shouting, all inchoate and senseless. It was all so utterly different from the theatre that I was bewildered. The companies scattered to the stages where they were to work; directors began their instructions to the artists. "Lights!" the arcs flickered on; "Camera!" the wheels in the little black boxes began to turn. The day's manufacturing of movies had begun.

"And now, Mr. Miller," said Ince, "what can I do for you?"

I had a letter of introduction and I gave it to him. After reading it, he remarked: "So you're thinking of motion pictures." He considered a moment, then: "I've just finished casting for my new productions and I haven't a thing that you'd be interested in. Suppose you go on up to San Francisco and take a look around the fair; then come back in about a month and I'll have a rôle that you'd enjoy doing, a good part."

A month? That would be a month lost. I happened to glance around the studio lot and noticed a group of men, somewhat roughly attired but all looking happy.

"Who are those fellows?" I asked.

"They're extras—supers you'd call them in the theatre. We use them in mob scenes and the like—pay them $3 a day."

"When do they go to work?" I asked.

"At nine every morning and they work until the daylight gets bad. . . . Why?"

"I'll be on hand tomorrow morning at nine."

Ince looked incredulous. "For $3 a day—that's a good one!"

"I mean it—tomorrow at nine."

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FROM $350 A WEEK TO $3 A DAY

SO at thirty-eight years old did I throw over a salary of $350 per week and try a new profession at $3 a day. There are generally reasons when a man does a thing like that. In the large cities I had heard theatre managers bewailing, "the movies are taking our galleries away from us." On the "road," year by year, I had seen motion-pictures encroach more and more upon the box-office receipts of Broadway successes. In my own stock companies which I operated at different times in almost every part of the United States, I had seen motion-pictures slowly but surely driving our patronage away from us. Lastly, only a few weeks before I took a "super's" job for $3 a day, I had sat in the audience of a photo-play theatre in Colorado Springs. The picture I saw was an absurd and wretched thing, but it made me think—"If the public goes to see pictures as poor as this, in what numbers would the public patronize pictures were they produced with the same care, brains and good taste of a Frohman play?"

I imagined a class of picture, utterly superior to the "Mystery of the Box Car" and "The Siren Woman" sort of thing, flickering then on the screen. I had an idea that were a man with long theatrical experience to equip himself technically to produce pictures that would be to the silent drama what a Belasco production is to the spoken drama, a big future awaited that man. I thought of photo-plays based upon well-conceived, *probable* stories, the plot motivated by character drawing of *real* people, and rich with romance, settings and suspense. I took stock of my assets. They were a theatrical experience of twenty years; old friends of the stage, now in pictures in Los Angeles, artists and old stage directors, whom I knew would be glad to teach me what they had learned of the new industry. Louis Stone, H. B. Warner, Frank Keenan, Bertha Kalisch and Mary Boland were all in the picture studios. So I took the plunge and began for $3 a day.

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At the studio, in Santa Monica Canyon, they did not believe I would stick it out. I fooled them. Every morning I was on the lot at nine and every evening I collected my $3 for the day's work. As a "supe" I was that "hard-looking guy" whom you may have seen on the screen in mob scenes. Were the mob scene one that called for the man-handling of the star, rest assured I was in the front rank—particularly if he were an old friend, gloating at me from his high estate. Were the scene one that called for bumpkins lounging around a country grocery store they used to grin and say, "Come here, Miller; you'll do for this." Once they let me put on evening dress and stand with a group of "guests" at a reception scene. I was very grateful, but he said, "Don't make any breaks in the next scene, Miller. You're to sit at a society dinner table. Watch your knife!"

That was the extent of the acting I was permitted to do. I loved it. The day's work over, I used to hunt up the different directors whom I knew from the old days on the stage—Reggie Barker, Tom Westcott, and bother them with questions the night long. On Sundays I used to spend the day at the studio, putting my nose into everything. I went through the place from the cellar where they developed the films to the garret where the "properties" were stored. And the poor studio staff! Carpenters, electricians, costume men and all, I plied them with questions. When a scene was being taken I would ask: "Why are the lights arranged that way? . . . Why are the objects in the room painted colors that you would never see in real life? . . . Why did you bring the camera over here so as to photograph the scene from this angle? . . . Why are you photographing this scene a second time? What was the matter with the first shot?" I suppose I made a confounded nuisance out of myself, but I was learning the game. Everybody was wonderfully kind to me and gave me pointers at every opportunity.

THE ART OF PICTURE PRODUCTION

IT was about this time that the studio was making "different" pictures. I observed there the device of beginning

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plays with views of rugged country, with not a soul visible, introducing these views with titles like: "THESE ARE THE JAGGED TEETH OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SONOMYO—A GRIM GRAY LAND THAT ONLY THE STRONG DARE PENETRATE AND A DEVIL'S BROOD PROWLS." This title was for working up "color" and "atmosphere," creating a mood in the audience for the tale to come. I remembered having seen that trick in literature, particularly effective in Edgar Allan Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and the thought came to me, cannot literature be more effectively transferred to the motion-picture than to the stage? Surely the canvas upon which a director can portray his story is almost as limitless as is the printed page. That thought I tucked away and it has had considerable bearing upon my work today when directing pictures for my own producing company. I am free to use any story for my productions which I think will make a big play.

While I was at the studio I saw one day a director supervising the action of a scene which was a rough and tumble fight on the rear of an observation car. As he conceived the scene the "heavy" (villain in the play) was flung from the moving train; then the director photographed a dummy of the "heavy" rolling down a steep embankment; then a picture of the "heavy" at the bottom of the embankment, dead. All that struck me as being quite in bad taste, and I felt that, instead of heightening the thrill, the body rolling down the embankment detracted from it.

I groped around in my mind for some way to do that kind of a scene better. I recalled the Empire Theatre stage success, "The Second in Command." It was the scene in which John Drew sat with his back to the audience and spoke the most important lines of the play, while Guy Standing faced the audience. The changing expressions of Standing's face reflected what Drew was saying. In a flash it came to me, "After that man in the picture has hurled the 'heavy' from the train, don't show the body rolling down the embankment; don't show him dead at the bottom. Just bring the hero's face close up to the camera and let the shading of

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expression on his face convey his horror at seeing the man tumbling down the embankment. In other words, let the audience use its imagination and imagine the 'heavy' tumbling down the embankment."

Little points like that which came to me while I was pottering around the studio were of great value later. But even today producers forget that an audience has imagination and feel that it is obligatory to show every detail of a situation. It was an experience I had last year which increased my determination to have my own company. I was directing a war picture. The author's script called for a scene where a German soldier shot down in cold blood a Belgian peasant because another soldier had bet him a mark that he couldn't hit the old man at 500 yards. As I visualized the situation I first photographed an old Belgian staring at his burned home, bewildered and dazed with horror. Then I photographed three German soldiers, "registered" that one seeing the old man and betting a comrade a mark that he could not shoot him at 500 yards. I had the soldier take the bet, raise his rifle and aim. Then I photographed again the lonely old man. Then I photographed the soldiers, the rifle fired, the soldiers straining to see the effect of the shot. Happily I had him lower his rifle, tap his own forehead to indicate that the bullet had entered the old Belgian there, and hold out his hand for the stakes. And the man for whom I made the picture, when he saw it screened at the first private showing, said to me: "We'll have to cut out that shooting incident, Mr. Miller. You forgot to take a scene of the old man being hit with the bullet and falling down." . . . FORGOT? Ye gods!

LEARNING TO MAKE PICTURES

AFTER I had worked at the studio for a few weeks, Ince sent for me one Saturday afternoon. "I'm fired," I thought.

"Mr. Miller," he grinned, "if you're going to remain around here we can't let you go on like this. We'll at least

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have to pay your hotel bill. See the directors every night and find out if they haven't some little character bits that they need a man for the next day."

So I began to hound the directors for "bits." I was getting up in the picture world, apt now to earn a good week as much as $35. I saw one morning a man who some years before was a co-actor with me. He was directing a picture. I went up to him and asked if he wouldn't let me play in the scene. He had known me only as a leading man in the theatre—he didn't know my status at Inceville—and he explained to me that the part was not much, that it was only to be a second-rate picture, that I wouldn't want to appear in it, reputation, etc., you know the sort of thing. When I told him that I didn't care what kind of a part it was or what kind of a picture, that I just wanted to be in it, he thought I had gone out of my head. But I wormed into several pictures that way, listened to the directors, heard the actors' comments and criticisms and tucked it all away in my memory.

I caught on to the fact that actors and actresses were, more often than not, permitted to play a scene without *feeling* it. Indeed I've seen actors go on, and go through their scene like automatons, moving about and expressing only as the director bellowed orders at them. And I made up my mind then, that, were I to ever direct, I would see that I got my money's worth for the man who was paying the actor's salaries. By that I mean, an artist is not paid big money for looks but for brains, for individuality, magnetism. I decided that, were I to direct, no actor would go in front of the camera until he knew *all* about the scene, the story, and the character he was portraying. Knowing that, his face would then by its *look convey the thought of that scene.* Not the sort of thing that I was hearing then: "Now Miss Blank you come in at the door at the left. Come down to the ten-foot line, register uncertainty, loosen your furs, then look at the photograph on the mantle and register despair."

Believe it or not, I have seen actresses that way go through scenes without knowing any more about the character or the story than that. I make a mental note to insist

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that actors learn lines to fit certain scenes and that they speak them during the scene, so as to *feel* the part more and thus convey more thought by their look.

After a time Ince sent for me again and told me that I was to have a small part in a new play. For all my long theatrical experience I was as nervous as a cat and when I came before the camera I completely bungled the scene. My debut cost the producer $50, for he had to take the whole scene over. How did I bungle it? I did what nine out of ten old stage actors would have done—I looked into the camera—which in picture canons is properly a high crime.

After the bawling out I took, I never did that again and more than anything it clarified for me the difference between acting on the stage and in the films which is something too technical and lengthy to discuss here. I may suggest it, however, by saying that in pictures, in an instant, by a *look,* an actor has to convey the *thought* of the situation. Were he on the stage he would have a whole paragraph of speech to convey that thought with. Stripped as he is of the tremendous asset of the voice which permits an actor to camouflage, the picture artist must permit no artificiality of any kind to creep in, for artificiality he cannot conceal from the camera. On the stage his voice charms, holds, aye stupefies. Picture-acting must needs be far more natural and is therefore superior art. From twenty years of stage work, I sincerely say that.

WHY GREAT STAGE ARTISTS FAIL IN PICTURES

FORBES-ROBERTSON, Faversham, Sothern, Sarah Bernhardt all attempted the films with no great success. Time and again a producing company has contracted with an extremely popular theatrical star only to have the audiences, who have delighted in them on the stage, be disappointed in their work on the screen. There is a reason for such failures. It is the fact that many dramatic actors believe that the art of motion-picture acting is a form of pantomine. This is a conception of the films which I did not lose until I had

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worked for months under Ince. American theatre-goers are perhaps not as familiar with pantomime as are European. Perhaps I can best convey what I mean by pantomime acting by an example. In pantomime a girl lays the palms of her hands together, places them on her shoulder and leans her cheek against the back of her hand, "Ah, I go to sleep now." In pantomime a girl makes wide and expressive gestures with her arms, "See, how very happy I am." In pantomime a man closes and opens fists many times, something that a person rarely does in life, "See, I am angry."

An actor who assumes that motion-pictures are a form of pantomime, believes, when he acts in front of the camera, that he must make exaggerated gestures to "get over" his scene. He believes that he is handicapped by the absence of voice; that without voice he cannot convey the meaning of the situation to the audience unless he pantomimes. That conception is absolutely wrong. It is why many great actors fail.

One day they sent for me and said: "Here's the script of a story. Read it overnight. Tomorrow we'll set up one of the scenes in it and you try directing it. I want to see how you'll handle it."

You can imagine how much sleep I got that night. I studied that story, visualized all its scenes and characters until both my head and my eyes ached. The next morning the producer was on hand to watch me direct the scene he had chosen for the test. Into that scene I put or tried to put my new knowledge of the technique of pictures, adapting it to my theatrical experience. When the scene was finished its producer remarked: "I guess you've wasted film enough."

They joshed me, you see, until the last, for that afternoon they told me that I was to direct the company's next picture. My feelings! Well, imagine them—if you had abandoned one profession and a big salary to work for $3 a day in the hope that some day you would be able to direct; viz., make pictures. I think I felt like a man who had played a long shot and won.

At Inceville I realized how the fate of a picture rests en-

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tirely with the director. An analogy suggests itself. A motion-picture director is an artist. His subject is the story; his canvases are spools of celluloid; his brush is the camera; his pigments are the actors and actresses. As an artist's success depends upon a thorough technical knowledge of his art, plus imagination, so depends the success of a motion-picture director upon the same qualifications.

From the day I directed my first picture that conception of my new profession has emphasized itself more and more to me. Friends say that in the creation of my pictures I have also created "stars," four of them women, two men, artists whose names are now a by-word with motion-picture audiences. I have directed productions based on all sorts of stories, from delicate comedies to grim red-blood tales of the North. To-day, I have my own company, "Charles Miller Productions, Inc."; the chance to realize my ambition is here. I can make my own pictures untrammelled by the whims or ideas of others. I am not interested in the "star system"; it is an obtrusion into the painting that one does on celluloid instead of on canvas. It is as if an artist were to choose the pigment red and favor it for no reason save that it is red to the exclusion of other pigments. I am interested in producing pictures which credit the audience with intelligence. Conveyance of the thought of the situation of the story to the mind of the audience by a look instead of the spoken word is the secret for making motion-pictures that will be remembered. To succeed in the motion-pictures it is as in anything else. You cannot make a success without effort. There is no easy road. As you acquire knowledge of your work so do you earn.

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IN THE LAND OF PIRATE FINANCE

By LOUIS GUENTHER
[Editor The Financial World]

CONSERVATIVE America is awakening to the presence of a new danger which threatens to impede her material progress. She is becoming conscious that she is afflicted with an economic disease in the continuous growth of "Get-Rich-Quick" financing, whose insidious inroads on legitimate business is making itself felt. So much so is this a fact that from every section of the country comes a clamor that immediate preventive measures be taken to stop its further spread. The "Stop! Look Ahead! Danger!" semaphore is now being generally raised to warn the people of the numerous pitfalls which are being set to entrap their money in worthless securities.

There is something uncanny about get-rich-quick financing which makes it unlike any other business, for it flourishes in good times as well as bad, and the explanation for this defiance of all precedent is that its harpies bank on people, when they are prosperous, taking a chance; and when business is bad they tell them that out of the large profits their enterprises can earn they will make good all their other losses. In this respect they have the advantage over the honest man who will not traffic in the truth.

Various estimates have been placed on annual devastation resulting from such financing and they run from $100,000,000, the lowest, to as high as a half a billion dollars. These are staggering totals and only a nation possessed of the greatest material wealth could stand for such impairment of its resources for very long without feeling its dent. We have been too busy with the war to pay much attention to this new enemy who has been busily at work destroying our capital. However, we can get an inkling of its dimensions from

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some statistics compiled of this illegitimate industry by a well-known magazine in a recent issue. It published a partial list of "get-rich-quick" promotions, and among them included only the flagrant instances of financial deception. In all there were about a thousand companies, a small list numerically, but they represented an aggregate capital of $3,000,000,000. Into this hopper our people have literally thrown away millions of their money. It is well to take note of these figures since they preach an economic moral of the folly that abides in this land of romantic finance, and they also adorn the tale about the gullibility of our people when it concerns the question of investing.

SCHEMES TO GET YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

BEFORE the war but a small part of our population was accustomed to invest its money in securities. The habit then was strong of letting the banker do it, and of taking interest on savings. But this condition has since changed. Where there were but five hundred thousand investors previous to the war more than fifteen million Americans are now rated in this classification because they have become owners of Liberty bonds, and the desire for clipping coupons has gone into their blood. They have come to know the comfort of having money invested and working for them even while they sleep, and as they save more money will want to reinvest it. As new investors they are inexperienced and likely to believe every financial romance brought to their attention, and, due to this prevailing lack of sound investment knowledge, they naturally fall easy prey to financial sharpers.

Then, also, their downfall is made much easier for they have been told that their Liberty bonds are the equivalent of cash and the "get-rich-quick" promoter has his little scheme to part them from their security. He will offer to buy Liberty bonds at a premium over the price quoted in the newspapers but not for cash, but will pay for them in his own securities. The bondholder is told that he is not only making a good profit by the trade, but is getting a security which will

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earn for him unusual dividends, and, not knowing any better, seldom resists this bait. So successfully has this scheme been worked by the pirates of promotion that certain agricultural communities have been completely denuded of Liberty bonds. The former Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo, tried to check these mendacious operations by publicly warning bond buyers to hold onto their bonds, but his warning appears to have fallen on deaf ears. Lewis B. Franklin, the head of the Liberty Bond bureau of the Government, is also conscious of the evil, for at a meeting of bankers and other organizations formed for the protection of investors he stated that more than $500,000,000 annually was taken from the public by dishonest financial schemes, and the only way this wholesale looting could be stopped was for all to co-operate in the work of protecting investors.

Mr. Franklin's estimate is that of a Government official. Its significance may not be apparent when printed on cold paper, but it can be properly appreciated when known that it is a greater sum than was lost in the San Francisco fire and earthquake and the Chicago conflagration. Yet the evil grows apace. Before the last Congress adjourned there was an effort to pass a Federal Blue-Sky law, but that failed. It was intended that this law should compel all promoters to place their offerings under the scrutiny of a specially designed bureau of securities to be established at the National Capital. Congress adjourned and left the pirates of promotion to ply their trade. In the absence of a legal preventative the Government has taken upon itself to plaster every available space with a flaming placard warning Liberty bondholders against being swindled out of their bonds.

PIRATE PROMOTERS DESTROY CONFIDENCE

ANOTHER Government organization, the Federal Trade Commission, which has the power to proceed against concerns engaging in unfair competitive methods, has requested the newspapers to publish a notice calling upon their readers to send them the names of all promoters offering

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worthless securities, together with the literature they publish, so that it can take steps to put them out of business.

Some of us who have had the sense to view this land of romantic finance from a safe eminence may find it amusing to read of the adventures of *Rufus Wallingford.* But such humor is lost upon the unfortunate individual who has been stung by this mirage of "getting-rich-quick," and there is not a city or hamlet without its deluded investors. Their unfortunate experience with some pirate of promotion has made them misanthropes and they go about spreading the seed of suspicion and skepticism among their friends and neighbors to the injury of honest enterprise legitimately in search of capital for further development.

When Frank Hitchcock was Postmaster-General he made it a special object to run down the get-rich-quick schemer, and it was he who said that his official investigation revealed, from the investigations and prosecutions conducted by his department, that in one year the total stealings were above $100,000,000.

Destroying this devitalizing influence on our commerce and industry is by no means a small job. It will not be eliminated by simply cauterizing the wounds it makes. Such investigations as conducted by the Federal Trade Commission may accomplish some good, but it is not a complete remedy, for it takes time to gather together the necessary evidence with which to prosecute, whereas the pirate of promotion works rapidly, bags his game quickly and then disappears only to reappear with another scheme, under another name.

MUST PUT MONEY IN HONEST EMPLOYMENT

OUR first great task will involve educating American people in the fundamentals of sound investing. Through constant publicity by the press greater good can be accomplished than through any other method, for the public reads the newspapers. By exposing the futility of expecting three and five per cent monthly on one's capital, which is claimed is possible and without risk by the pirate of promotion, the in-

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vestor will become suspicious and the pirate will find it difficult to sell his worthless stuff.

Sound securities are not raised on any such flimsy foundation. There have been enterprises and there will continue to be others which have become unusually prosperous, but the early investors, who originally financed their development, were men who realized they were taking a chance but could afford to do it. Then they were not investing but speculating; and what they also knew, and what the confiding investor does not take the trouble to find out, is that the men at the head of their businesses were honest. This makes a great difference in the ultimate rsults of an investment.

No one knew men better than the elder Morgan, the banker. He once declared he would rather let an honest man have a million dollars than a trickster a few thousand even though the latter was rated as a wealthy man, for then he would not have to worry about getting it back if the borrower is not unfortunate. His advice is good advice to apply to investments and those who deal in them. Investors are at least assured then of an honest management which is what they should expect.

With our labor earning the highest wages ever chronicled in this country, and our farmers receiving the highest prices for their staples there will be a plenitude of investment funds available. We must do something to protect this money and see to it that it is turned in a direction where it will beget additional capital. As a thrifty nation we have assumed France's place. Our capita wealth is in excess of $1,000 per individual. Thrift will multiply it. It is an economic advantage to the country to put every saved dollar to honest employment.

Were it possible to invest the $500,00,000 which is every year lost in the mazes of the "land of romantic finance," where it would earn but five per cent per annum it would yield $25,000,000 annually, a sum which would start on a successful career a thousand or more legitimate enterprises. As it is now it brings nothing except to the pirates of promotion, who usually spend it in profligate living.

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

In Defence of the Producers

THERE has always been considerable conversation from certain critics of the drama on the theme of the degeneracy of the modern theatrical producers. Time after time the leader of the Little Theatre movement in Hometown reads a paper which decries the fact that the drama is cheapened by foolish farces, bare-legged chorus girls, and by melodramas that thrill, but not necessarily elevate either the mind or the soul.

I heard such a discussion the other evening. The cry was for the poetic in drama,—poetic, in this case, being a presentation of several one-act plays that had no acting plot, and were filled with many so-called beautiful lines,—over which only the few could refrain from sleep.

Looking back over the plays of the season it would seem that even the most fastidious highbrow of the drama should have found several entertainments worthy of an evening at the theatre. A really capable company offered Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"—and the most difficult critic could not discover a more finished production, judged from any standpoint, than Arthur Hopkins offered in "Redemption." Then, too, the season has offered "Tea for Three," "Be Calm, Camilla," which was not as great a public success as it should have been; also, "The Betrothal" (which was elaborately staged and had flashes of Maeterlinck at his best). Barrie's "Dear Brutus" is dramatic excellence, while Stuart Walker opened a season of short plays that had every merit the most critical student of the highbrow theatre could ask for. Then, at the very end of the season comes "The Jest" and "Shakuntala," the latter a translation from the ancient drama of the Orient.

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Such a list is picked for the fastidious in direct challenge to those who could cry of the shame of the theatre. Add numerous entertaining plays for humans,—for the people who are frank enough to say that they go to the theatre to be amused, and the season has been very much worth while.

After all, the majority of people will never feel mentally fresh enough to enjoy the type of theatrical entertainment that demands constant attention, that fills the brain with anything but relaxation from the cares of the every-day world. And what the people demand, the producers supply.

However, it is foolish to say that the producers are not constantly placing before the public plays of literary quality. Yet every season proves that such plays are not in demand. The big money-making productions are not listed above. The drama leagues sent out frantic appeals for members to sustain Walter Hampden's remarkable performance of "Hamlet" and all the public wanted was afternoon and morning performances,—largely attended by the students of the community as part of their English course. When the public shows itself ready to support the very finest quality of drama,—then the producers will be able to give us plays of serious import. Until then—they must stand the unfair criticism of those who choose to stand in judgment.

Two Plays of "Literary" Quality

ALL this is apropos of the fact that Maeterlinck's "The Burgomaster of Belgium" was removed from the theatre after four weeks. Of course, the fact that it was a war-tragedy helped with the removal. But it was a war-play that was needed. The events of the drama required but a day for their unfolding, the action taking place in one room. The story is a grim one, unfolding a picture of Prussianism that was more terrible because the audience realized it was absolutely true. It was a splendid bit of realism, written with a master pen. Then, too, the play was well cast, and well produced, with Lyell Swete giving a vivid characterization of the Burgomaster. The man in back of me felt that the play ought to be subsidized and sent throughout the country as

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part of a " Lest we forget " program. I am inclined to agree with him. Yet it has gone for lack of appreciation. Some day, five years from now, it will probably be brought back as an historical drama. By then the poetically inclined people will all have read the book of the play and it will prove to be a financial success.

One recent play of true artistic literary quality is " The Jest," and apparently it is to meet with popular favor, partly because John and Lionel Barrymore, two of the best American actors, are in the cast. The play is an American adaptation, rather than a translation from the Italian of Sam Benelli, the greatest Italian dramatist of the day. It is a struggle between the brutal and the aesthetic, depicting once again the victory of the weak. The plot is somewhat involved, but briefly it concerns a brute *Neri,* whose pastime is the tormenting of *Giannetto,* a young artist of marked physical weakness. Plagued to the point of madness the artist's revolt and plan of vengeance is to drive *Neri* mad. He does so,—by the subtle methods that brute mind cannot conceive. Any reader familiar with the work of the Barrymores can imagine the characterizations they give, Lionel as *Neri,* the brute, John, giving a performance of the mild painter, whose love is of the Madonnas he paints. The American stage has never witnessed finer acting. Arthur Hopkins has produced the play in a typical Hopkins manner, with a well-balanced cast and setting, the whole combining to form the most notable dramatic production of the season.

More " Popular " Themes

" A GOOD Bad Woman " comes under the head of a dramatic preachment, and had it been disclosed at the time when " Damaged Goods " was crowding the theatres it might have been a great success. It may still be a success, for even though the theatre does not seem to be quite the place for the discussion of the subject of the play, which is a vital problem in modern life, the play has dramatic value, and is well acted. Briefly, the story tells of a woman who fears motherhood, and, on the advice of her most worldly woman friend,

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seeks a physician for an illegal operation. The husband learns of the operation and determines to kill the doctor in the case. For the sake of a happy ending it is disclosed that the operation was never performed, and the play ends with a familiar harangue regarding children and marriage. The play is well acted, superiorly acted, in fact. Margaret Illington plays the wife, handling the emotions of the rôle with great expression. Robert Edeson is the husband, while Wilton Lackaye is the doctor. The rest of the short cast is of the all-star variety. "The Good Bad Woman" may not have a popular theatrical theme, and for that reason may not be a success, but the play is well constructed and well acted.

Rachel Crothers will probably go down in theatrical annals as the most skillful creator of everyday American characters for stage purposes. Twice this season she has collected a group of easily recognizable types and, with very little plot, managed to give an evening's entertainment of rare enjoyment. The second play from her pen is called "39 East," that being the address of a boarding house, quite typical of many boarding-houses throughout the land. The slight plot discloses the old, but ever new story of the young-girl-come-to-New-York. There are the subsequent temptations and struggles for success. The fight leads the girl to the chorus, though there is no stage picture. Instead, she and the honest young man who loves her picnic in Central Park, and she dances to the music of a passing hurdy-gurdy. The young man is 100% American, of clean mind and body, and filled with the first love that can be so admirably presented on the stage. In fact, they are by far the most charming pair of lovers the season has offered. And, of course, the girl is saved from all temptation, and marries the young man. With the amusing boarding-house people as a background, *Napoleon Gibbs* and *Penelope Penn* are highly entertaining acquaintances of an evening. The play is produced under the guidance of Miss Crothers. It is presumed that she chose the players, and, if she did, her judgment was excellent, for Henry Hull, best remembered for his work in "The Man Who Came Back," and Constance Binny, fresh from the

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movies and the Midnight Frolic, fill the youthful requirements of their rôles.

Musical Plays

THE Easter season has been rich in musical comedy, largely because spring flowers mean summer productions to the theatrical managers, and they are anxious to find light entertainment that will keep their theatres open through the hot weather.

At least two of these new musical comedies seem destined to success. "Take It From Me" has all the elements of popularity, and should grow more entertaining as the days grow warmer, and tired New Yorkers or visitors to the city, grow more prone to relax in their seats and be forced into a chuckle. "Take It From Me" is rich in comedy of the low variety. There are three young men, one very fat, one very lean, who attempt to wreck the finances of a department store which has been left to one of the trio;—a typical grouch who will inherit the store under the terms of an odd will, if the young man does not succeed;—a beautiful girl who is "true blue," saves the store of the hero, and, of course, marries him at the final curtain;—a comedy stenographer; a vampire with a prima-donna voice; a dancing team of unusual grace; and an old floor-walker who, for the sake of efficiency, is put on roller skates. Then, too, there is scenery, some chorus girls, and music. These serve as background. It is the comedy that carries the piece to immediate success. The cast, with one or two exceptions, is practically unknown to Broadway, having been recruited from vaudeville, and proving once again that vaudeville training is of benefit to the young player. Take it from me, this musical comedy will last more than one season on its comedy merits.

"Tumble Inn," which is the musical-comedy name for Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Seven Days," is also funny. It is the third musical production from the office of Arthur Hammerstein to find success this season. The story is familiar:—a quarantine order shutting in a number of people, including a burglar, a divorced couple, a pair of young lovers, etc.,

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allowing for numerous comical situations. To this Rudolf Friml has added a number of tunes that are a decided addition to the laughter. The company has a number of gifted people, including a quartette of well-known players who can be depended on to entertain. They are Herbert Corthell, Edna Hibbard, Peggy O'Neil and Charles Ruggles. With their help "Tumble Inn" is an invitation not to be refused.

The third, and least successful of the new musical trio is "Come Along." It has a war background, which is unfortunate, and, what is much worse, it has little action, and is lacking in distinctive music and costumes. Even a war-play should have some excuse for the chorus girls to appear in many and brilliant clothes. There are several capable players in the cast, but they can do nothing with the material. Harry Tighe managed to be funny on occasion, and Jessica Brown, a young dancer who is not seen often enough in New York City, was such a tremendous relief after some of the material that had been offered previously, that she, in theatrical parlance, "stopped the show." "Come Along" will beckon to a very few before it leaves for the storehouse.

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A SHELF OF BOOKS

CAN a successful novel be written without a heroine? Writers in English seem to think not. Yet the work of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, whose vogue has brought almost a flood of translations, is striking because of the lack of important women's characters. This fact is brought to one's attention after a reading of "Blood and Sand" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) which, by way of contrast, and unlike the other stories, has an altogether charming lady to dominate many of the pages. A second striking note that "Blood and Sand" brings before the reader, especially if he has ever attempted writing as a source of recreation or living, is the lack of preachment. "Blood and Sand" is a cry against the brutal national pastime of Spain, in which men and animals find death in the blood and sand of the bull-fighting arenas—yet never once does the author lift his voice in protest. Instead, he paints vivid, revolting pictures. They do his work far better than any cry of "Stop!" This latest novel is convincing, assuring one that Ibanez is a truly great writer of modern novels.

There was a not unnatural revulsion against stories of war immediately after the signing of the armistice, and since then few of the publishers have offered books with a theme of conflict. J. C. Smith's new book "The Undefeated" (D. Appleton & Co.) might be termed a posthumous war novel. It may not prove a popular success, but those readers who will buy the book in spite of the fact that it is frankly offered as a glimpse of one slice of England at war, will discover that Mr. Smith has excelled himself in his new work. J. C. Smith has arrived at his pinnacle of success after years of tireless, and, what must have been, disappointed effort. One reviewer made the remark that "very, very occasionally does one come across a book for which one feels inclined to give devout and humble thanks." Extravagant as such a remark may seem, "The Undefeated" lives up to that tremendous praise.

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There is a new novel for the tired business man who wants to arrange the pillows, adjust the light over his bed, and read away the tribulations of the day. It is "The Moonlit Way," by Robert W. Chambers (D. Appleton & Co.). It matters but little what theme Mr. Chambers chooses for his latest book, the effect is always the same—entertainment. This time there is a beautiful dancer, a yacht in the harbor at Constantinople, an artist's studio, Secret Service men—intrigue and romance. It is a story that lifts the reader on the wings of excited pleasurable interest, and carries him to a world of make-believe that banishes the more sordid thoughts of the ever-present necessity of duties to be performed.

"My son was killed while laughing at some jest,
I would I knew
What it was, and it might serve me in a time
When jests are few."

So sings Rudyard Kipling in "The Years Between" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The new poem, most of them war themes, are Kipling at his best, the songs of a man who knew the mettle of the foe—and who gave of his own beloved son that the foe might not conquer. "The Years Between" will add much to any collection of Kipling's works.

Caroline Lockhart, whose "Me—Smith" was about as wild a Western tale as was ever written, has moved into town for the setting of her new book, "The Fighting Shepherdess" (Small, Maynard & Co.). It is a Western story, but tells of the social and economic struggle of a woman, who, over a series of dramatic adventures that are suspiciously red, becomes a "sheep queen." Miss Lockhart's home is Cody, Wyoming, and her father was, or is, sheriff of the Yellowstone. That means background and accuracy of Western characterization.

The term, "a dancing man," will be sparingly used in derision by those who read "My Husband" (Scribners'), Mrs. Vernon Castle's unconventional, and rather rambling,

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though interesting story of the tall familiar figure who was known in the dancing palaces of two continents—and died a hero, saving the life of a fellow aviator. His was a high-spirited career, and worthy of a biography, if only to show that a dancer can be every inch a man. Captain Castle was!

A clever publicity man dubbed Philip Gibbs "America's Favorite War Correspondent"—and made a correct summary. His daily sketches of battle and battlefield life were daily reading for thousands—perhaps millions of Americans. Much of this material has found its way into "The Way to Victory" (George H. Doran Co.), a very human history of the war which has been published in two volumes. The documentary history of the war is yet to be written, but for vivid word-pictures historians of the future will probably have to quote from Mr. Gibbs, who, by the way, is at present lecturing in the United States.

An after-the-war visitor to the United States is Ida A. R. Wylie. This will be her first visit to this country, although her books have been extremely popular, "Towards Morning" being the latest to find a responsive audience. Miss Wylie has lived through Europe and the Orient, reflecting these lands in her work. What will she find in the United States? Material for as searching a character study as "Towards Morning."

Stephen Leacock's latest humorous satire is "The Hohenzollerns in America" (John Lane Co.). Mr. Leacock expresses the justice he believes should be meted out in America to the ex-Kaiser and his crew, solving with a laugh the problems of the Nations.

Theodore Dreiser's new book, "Twelve Men" (Boni & Liveright) is really a clever presentation of twelve short stories. They are studies of varying types of male humanity handled in Mr. Dreiser's searching and revealing style. Some of them have appeared in the magazines, but that in no way detracts from the value of the volume, which, while not exactly notable, is interesting.

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The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

GEORGE came back the other day. Time flies so rapidly that it seemed as yesterday when he went away to volunteer. I remember well those tensioned days two years ago when Mars was stripping us of our youths, turning them into defenders of the suffering nations of Europe. And now they are returning, as has George, our erstwhile "boy." He's a big, strapping, bronzed man-boy now, his eyes are brighter, his back straighter, and his shoulders square.

"Did you get under fire, George?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir, at Verdun first, and then often, sir."

I liked his crisp, manly politeness.

"Were you scared?"

"Well, not exactly, but I trembled. I couldn't help it. My hands shook and I tried to hold on tight; but that was only at first. After Verdun, I didn't care at all. We could tell where the shells were coming from and about when they would land. You get used to things, and my Captain told me that the boys who are affected, at first, make the best soldiers—I was Sergeant later."

Great Captain, that, I thought, and George's record confirmed the statement.

"Are you all right, now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir. Just three small injuries I'm under care for."

"And you want a job?"

"That's what I came in to see you about—would you mind if I used you for reference?"

And so they come back, these virile splendid doughboys—and they must look up a job and get to work in the scheme of things. Are they all getting jobs? That's up to you and me and all of us. They want something a little better than they had—and they deserve it—deserve all we can do for

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them. They did all they could do for us—and some didn't come back.

There are several organizations sending us boys for jobs. They are doing great work—real reconstruction work. The Knights of Columbus record of job-getting is 15,000 jobs for doughboys up to date. By actual experiment at various points they have established the fact that within two weeks of applying to the Knights for jobs two-thirds of all applicants are placed.

The reason for their big success in job-finding is that the Knights are indefatigable volunteer leg-men. They realize that looking for a job is often harder than doing the job, to a man out of one.

The soldier boy first, is the industrial motto of today's patriotism.

Want Information on Reconstruction

MR. BUSINESS MAN, ask Uncle Sam: Do you want to know what is going on in Reconstruction? Do you want to know about production estimates, price, data, wages, at home and abroad, labor supply, methods in handling labor problems, foreign productions, the emigration situation, foreign markets, financial conditions, money and credit outlook —write to the Reconstruction Research Division of the Council of National Defense at Washington. Grosvenor B. Clarkson, its director, has organized a department which surveys the world, for business information. Its activities extend, through official sources, to every nation abroad, and its home field service branches include 184,000 State, county and community organizations, including 16,000 women units.

In thus proposing to extend its services, the Council opens to the business public probably the largest and most complete assembly of up-to-the-minute reconstruction information in existence. The undertaking also implies the proffer to industry and commerce of the services of an organization that for many months has been establishing connections and perfecting facilities for the securing of every sort of vital information at the earliest possible moment it is available. Through the fact that the Council of National Defense itself

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consists of six secretaries of administrative departments of the Government, and by virtue of the further fact that for more than two years the Council has been engaged in the closest co-operation with national, State and local agencies of private as well as public bodies, the Reconstruction Research Division has been from its inception possessed of invaluable contacts in all directions.

The material and staff now placed at the service of business was originally intended primarily for governmental use, and they will, of course, continue to function as the governmental clearing-house of reconstruction information. The vast combing organization, with its hundreds of clerks, its press-clipping bureau, its department for indexing, digesting and classifying information for the American business man, has the sanction and endorsement of the President.

It is the greatest information bureau in the world.

Money at War with Commodity

YOU have heard the story of the millionaire and the poet? Sighed the millionaire to the poet: "What a beautiful world this would be to live in if there wasn't any money in it!" To which the poet replied: "*Is* there?"

Your Easy Chair is contemplating some of the startling money statistics dwelt upon recently by bankers and economists, and is wondering how we are all going to fare during the money-laden days before us. Not that the worry is personal, and yet the vast bulk of expenditures that confront the world will touch every human being, one way or another, in high costs, in inflated dollars, in lessening purchasing power, in taxes and credits.

We are informed that the debts of the nations of the world have risen from 40 billions to 220 billions of dollars; that paper money in 15 principal countries has increased by 36 billions (not counting the Bolshevik issue in Russia of 80 billions); that in the past four years the governments of the world have issued 180 billion dollars worth of bonds, notes, etc., and that meanwhile bank deposits have jumped from 27 to 75 billions.

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As against this paper-money deluge the gold mines of the world, during the war, have produced less than two billions. Gold, that once constituted 55% of the world's circulation, has now passed into the vaults of governments in mortgage to the paper currency, to which it now bears a relation of about 20% only.

Now the economists tell us that in the ratio in which the currency is inflated so do prices advance, and that we must not be surprised at the world-wide advance in prices during the past four years in which world currency and bank deposits have trebled and national debts quintupled.

"Scarcity demands," due to the war, sent prices sky-high, and they are not coming down until the nations are able to reduce the present excessive currency circulation.

Meanwhile, where does Mr. Average Man come in? What with taxes and the high cost of labor and living, how is he going to make out during this paper-money deluge? He has just emerged from a frightful clash of physical forces —is he now confronted with a money-war?

When will his dollar be able to purchase a dollar's worth?

Treaties That Make Scraps—But Not of Paper

IT appears that there are leagues within leagues, and thereby hangs a treaty. More and more are we learning of the wisdom of the father of his country, the first President of these United States. Before we largely concerned ourselves with the diplomatic melting pot of Europe, we had no occasion to pry into their private treaty boxes, but now that Versailles is the sesame of all private conversations of nations, the little quiet agreements of our Allies are coming up on the table. In good Western American English, there is a joker in the pack. What shall our diplomatic representatives in Paris do about the integrity of these pre-war promises, made in the desperation of the heat of battle? Japan and Great Britain to divide up the Pacific—north and south of the equator! (excepting, of course, the Philippines, who incidentally want their own kind of a government, instead of ours). And

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Italy and Great Britain to dispose of the adjacent territory to Italy in the Adriatic, etc., etc. These little arrangements, quite proper and in accordance with European politics, came to light only after our precipitation of the Monroe Doctrine into the debate in Paris.

A correspondent at the seat of action casually wired home papers that neither President Wilson nor the Chinese delegates knew of the existence of these secret agreements when they came to Paris.

So we are kept in the closet with China on the oriental allegorical idea of the ancient blind god, who is a deity of increasing happiness because he can "see no evil" (and therefore) "speak no evil."

Signs of Spring

CENSORSHIP to South America lifted.

Anti-spooning ban in parks lifted.

Bargains in wooden ships—Uncle Sam.

King Coal advances fifty cents per ton.

Bolsheviki Club in New York wrecked by soldiers and sailors.

Civilization wrecked in Russia by Bolsheviki clubs.

France to hold Saar basin.

Germany holds indignation meeting.

Poland wants a seaport.

Germany wants indemnity—alienists called in.

Birds back from the South; theirs only rents not raised.

Ten thousand unused Liberty motors at liberty.

Last call in Liberty Bonds.

Philippines again heard from.

Hawaii wants independence.

Germany mobilizing for American food.

The business man's fancy gasps at thoughts of the telegraph rates.

August furs on the ladies.

FIRST PLACE—Base-ball league.

SECOND PLACE—League of Nations.

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Letters our soldiers wrote from France last Spring are beginning to arrive.

Railroad deficits explained by Mr. McAdoo.

Strikes.

YOU!

By ARLEEN HACKETT

YOU are the conscious thought in everything I do,
Colored is everything by memories of you,
Sweet or sad.
I've known the sun to seem quite dark,
Remembering a thing that hurt;
A careless word that stung;
When all the world has said—how bright it is.
As through the woods I walked,
A bird's clear, ringing song,
A flower's brilliant bloom,
And all the wondrous sweetness of the air
Have held some thought of you.
I've tried to find forgetfulness
And have—forgotten all, save you.
And so I ask of God
When I have left this earthly part of me,
That I may choose for my own paradise
A memory of the day you loved me most;
To keep for all eternity
That conscious thought of you.

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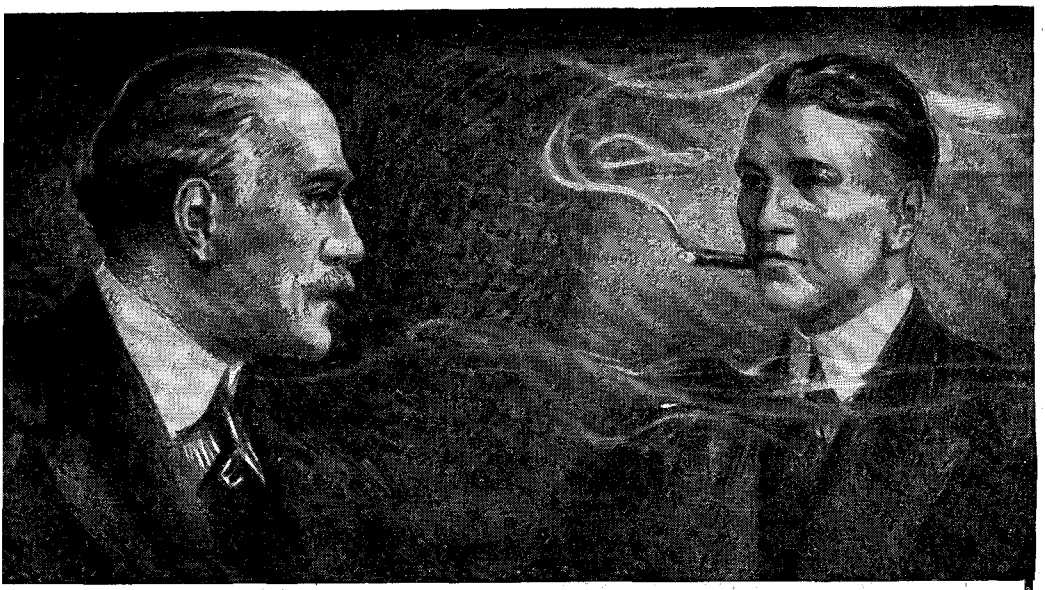

Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For **you** know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but **sure.**

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco **has** undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—
and your appetite begins to fail—
and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—
and slight exertion makes you short of breath—
then you'll **KNOW,** without anyone telling you, that **TOBACCO** is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And **YOU** know that the use of tobacco in **any** form is an **expensive, utterly useless habit.** You know you **ought** to quit.

Tobacco Habit Banished

In 48 to 72 Hours

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

Results Guaranteed A single trial will convince you. Our legal-binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment if after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

SEND Coupon for Free Proof Let us send you our **free** booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. 652 **St. Louis, Mo.**

Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. 652 **St. Louis, Mo.**

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

Town..... State.....

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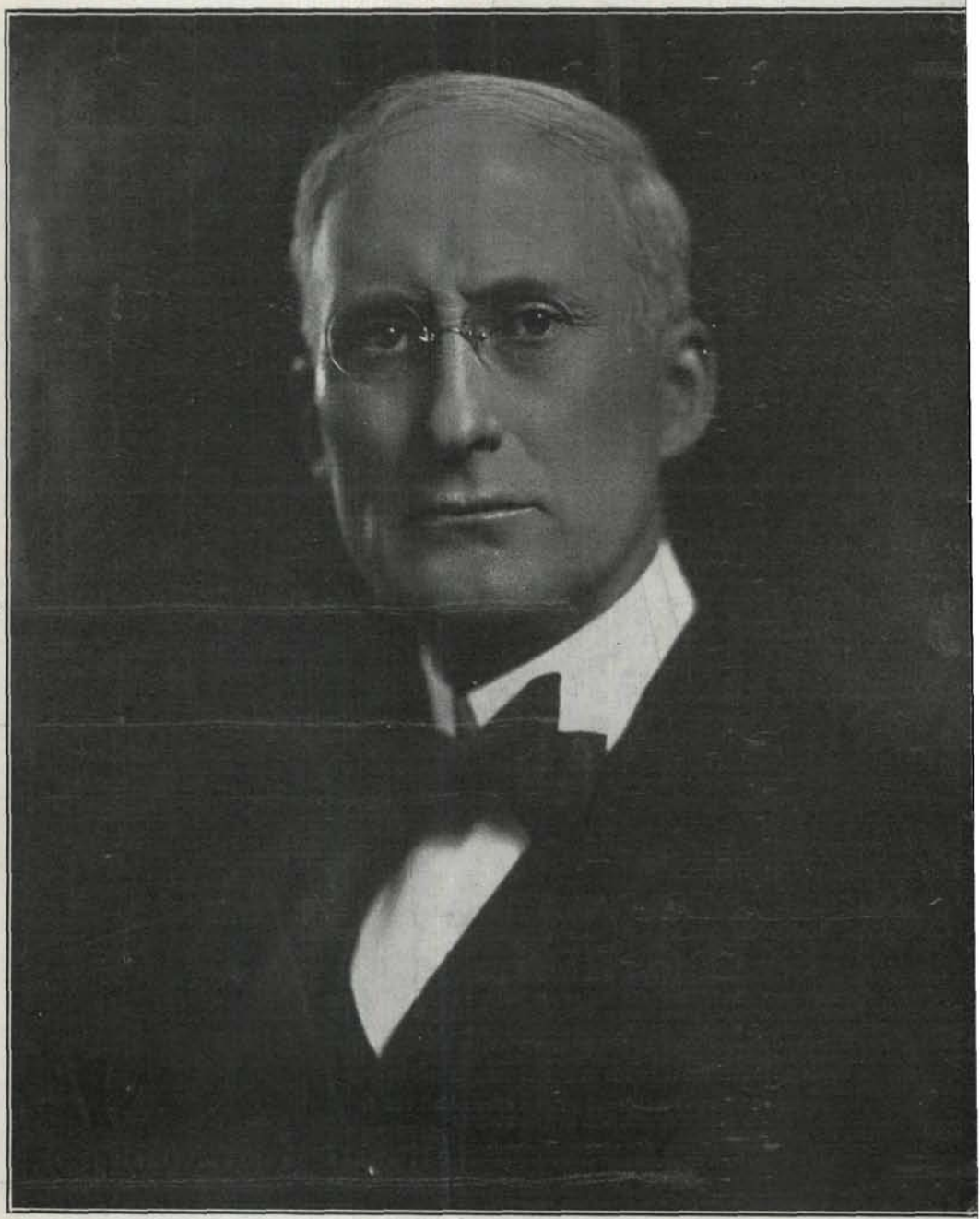

GOVERNOR GOODRICH OF INDIANA

"Ours is a government of law and not of men and its safety depends upon the faithful observance of the law by everyone," is a Goodrich principle (and one that he has acted upon in the National crisis). Indiana's Reconstruction Governor, who says that "reconstruction does not mean revolution," has been mentioned among the big timber for Republican consideration in 1920.

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